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THE

METROPOLITAN PULPIT;

OR

SKETCHES OF

THE MOST POPULAR PREACHERS

IN LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," "TRAVELS IN TOWN,"

&c. &c.

(James Grant)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

HAVING in my "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," presented the public with Sketches of the most distinguished men in both Houses of Parliament; and having in my "Bench and Bar" given portraitures of all the Judicial and Forensic characters of any note in our Courts of Law, the Popular Preachers in the metropolis naturally enough next claimed my attention.

I trust the circumstance is not of unfavourable augury for the success of the book, that I have, within the last six months, been most earnestly solicited by ministers and others, of all denominations and from all parts of the country, to write a work on the most celebrated Preachers in London, on a plan similar to that

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of the two books already mentioned; the parties not being aware that I had previously determined on bringing out the present volumes.

Having in my last work, "Travels in Town," devoted about two hundred and forty pages to the "Religious Denominations of London," I am spared the necessity of making any special references, in these volumes, to the existing state of spiritual matters in the metropolis. The religious statistics of London will be found in the work just named, at very great length.

In penning the present volumes, I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I have been actuated by an anxious desire to write with the greatest fairness and impartiality; and that I have most earnestly endeavoured to guard against anything which could by possibility be construed into an evidence of the book, or any part of it, being written in a bad spirit. I trust there is not a sentence in it of which any one can have just cause to complain. I should be

sorry if there were. My object has been to dwell upon excellencies and to touch but lightly on defects.

I have, I may also state, sought to divest my mind of all prejudices and partialities regarding particular topics, and to write in so unbiassed a spirit as shall render it impossible for those before unacquainted with my views on religious subjects, to ascertain from the work now presented to the public, what these are. I am sure that no one can infer from the book, either what minister I sit under, or to what denomination of Christians I belong.

If I have in some cases been minute in my descriptions, it is because I know how anxious the public are to be able to form in their own minds, as accurate an idea as possible, of the personal appearance and peculiarities of manner, of distinguished men. I have scrupulously abstained throughout from any reference to matters of a strictly private kind. I have

spoken of those whose names I have introduced into the work, only in the capacity of ministers.

In order that I might avoid the invidious task of classing the ministers of the various denominations according to my views of their respective merits, I have taken them topographically, beginning with each denomination at the west-end and proceeding to the east.

There are many ministers of great and deserved distinction, whose names I was anxious to include in the present work; but the limits to which I was restricted rendered the gratification of my wishes impossible. Should, however, the book meet with a favourable reception, I will follow it up by another volume, which shall embrace all the ministers of distinction now unavoidably omitted.

LONDON, *April*, 1839.

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THE

METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

CHAPTER I.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Causes why the preaching of the gospel is not more generally attended with beneficial results — Errors in the conduct of ministers adverted to as bearing on the success of their pulpit labours—Importance of ministerial visitations in the time of sickness or affliction — Mode of preaching the gospel — Remarks on defects in the matter of sermons and the way in which pulpit discourses should be delivered.

In presenting the public with a series of sketches of the most distinguished divines in the metropolis, it may be useful to devote an introductory chapter to a reference to some of the causes why the gospel ministry is not more generally attended with beneficial results.

These causes may be classed under two heads. They either arise from something that

is wrong in the conduct of the preacher, or from some defect in his matter, or in his mode of addressing his hearers.

In adverting to errors in the conduct of ministers of the gospel, I have principally in my eye those minor improprieties which are in too many cases perceptible in the demeanour of those of whose piety we cannot entertain a moment's doubt. The preacher whose conduct is stained by gross immoralities, is a person on whom it were useless to waste a word of admonition or remonstrance. Ministers, it is to be feared, are not always sufficiently alive to the influence which matters that may appear trifling to them, have in impairing the efficiency of their pastoral labours. They may sometimes do a thing by way of joke, which may be productive of very unhappy results. Permit me here to relate an anecdote illustrative of my meaning. There is a popular preacher in the country who possesses such powers of improvisation as to be able to speak fluently at a moment's notice, on any subject connected with theology. Some time ago, he

invited a minister residing at some distance, to preach a sermon for a charitable institution on the evening of a particular sabbath-day; he himself having engaged to deliver a discourse on behalf of the same object in the morning. The other agreed, and not being an extemporaneous speaker had written, with great care, and at full length, a sermon for the occasion. The two ministers breakfasted together, and he in whose chapel the sermons were to be preached, asked the other what text he meant to preach from. The unsuspecting man at once answered the question. "That's a very suitable text and a very appropriate subject, indeed," remarked the minister of the chapel. "And what are to be your heads?"

"I intend to divide the subject into four heads," answered the other, deliberately mentioning each of the heads.

"You could not have made a more natural division of the subject. Under the first head, I fancy you'll use such and such particulars?"

The other named the various particulars under the first head, and in answer to ques-

tions dexterously put, enumerated the different particulars under each of the remaining three heads.

"Your sermon cannot fail to make an impression. Of course, you'll wind up in such a way?"

The simple unsuspecting minister told the other in what way he meant to conclude his discourse.

Judge of his surprise and mortification, when he heard the minister of the chapel give out, in the morning service, the identical text he had chosen; divide the subject into the same heads as he intended to do; subdivide it into the same particulars; and conclude in precisely the same way as he proposed winding up his discourse. In fact, between a tenacious memory and great extemporaneous resources, the former may be said to have preached the very sermon which the latter intended to deliver. The poor man was brought into a most painful predicament. He could not preach the sermon he had prepared; for the congregation, not knowing anything of the circumstances of

the case, would have accused him of bare-faced plagiarism from their own minister; while, on the other hand, he had not time to prepare a new discourse. He was obliged to do the best he could, by preaching a sermon he had delivered on a former similar occasion, the leading points of which he still remembered. The result was,—and no wonder,—that the minister referred to, conceived from this moment an unconquerable prejudice against him who had tricked him in the way I have related; and that many hearers in the congregations of both, when informed of the circumstance, lost their respect for one who could so trifle with the feelings of a brother minister. Independently too of the annoyance it caused to the party who was the victim, it had to them the appearance of indulging in jocularity at the expense of religion, and as being at variance with the reverence due to the sabbath-day and to the services of the sanctuary.

Ministers ought carefully to guard against anything which could be construed into a trifling with religion, whether arising from a

desire to make an undue display of their own fancied powers, or from any other cause. There is now an aged evangelical clergyman living westward of Temple Bar, who greatly injured himself in the estimation of many of his hearers, by preaching, in early life, a sermon in blank verse. If I am not much mistaken, he himself soon afterwards saw cause to regret that he had ever committed so great an impropriety.

I know of nothing which the minister of the gospel ought more carefully to guard against, than a disposition to indulge in sarcastic observations in private. Such a spirit is not only most unbecoming in itself, and altogether at variance with the religion of Jesus, but it is peculiarly calculated to impair the efficiency of the minister who suffers himself to give way to it. A man may preach in the pulpit with the zeal of an apostle and the affection of an angel, and yet his ministrations not produce the slightest favourable impression on the mind of him who has heard that minister giving utterance to sarcasms in private, at other people's expense. I appeal, on this point, to what

every one who reads these pages, and who is acquainted with ministers in the habit of indulging in sarcastic remarks, must have felt in his own mind. I could point to instances in which persons have become so prejudiced against ministers whom they formerly regarded with the deepest affection and respect, after hearing them indulging in ill-natured observations at other people's expense, as to feel unable any longer to sit under their ministry with any satisfaction.

Among those popular preachers now no more, who were addicted to a spirit of satire and sarcasm, Robert Hall stood, perhaps, the foremost in the first rank. Who shall say to what extent that distinguished and otherwise excellent man may, in this way, have impaired his usefulness both as a preacher and a writer? That he did so to a great extent, no one can doubt who had any acquaintance with him.

Equally to be avoided by those who minister in holy things, is a harsh or haughty demeanour. The gospel affords not the slightest countenance to any thing in the conduct of those

who have embraced it; least of all in the conduct of those who undertake to be its ministers, which could be construed into harshness or haughtiness; and yet, it must be admitted, that instances are by no means rare, of preachers of the gospel conducting themselves towards others with an imperiousness of manner which the mere man of the world would, in most cases, be ashamed to exhibit. Such ministers take the most certain means they could adopt, to lay the axe at the root of their own usefulness, whether in the pulpit or when paying those private visits to their people which every faithful pastor must regard as an essential part of his official duties. Here, again, I could refer to particular instances consisting with my own knowledge, of the injurious effects produced by harshness or haughtiness of demeanour on the part of a Christian pastor. But though I abstain from any allusion to cases of the kind in so far as living ministers are concerned, I may be permitted to mention a striking illustration of my views in the matter, which occurred many years ago in the case of

parties who are now dead. An evangelical clergyman of the church of Scotland with whom I had a slight personal acquaintance, was, perhaps, one of the greatest admirers, numerous as these were, which the late Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary on the Bible, had. So great was his admiration of the works of Mr. Scott, that having occasion to come on a visit to England, he determined on going fifty miles out of his way, for the double purpose of having the gratification of seeing him, and assuring him how highly he prized his writings. He called at his parsonage in the country, and in mentioning that he wished to see the celebrated theologian, he was shown into his study, where though in the middle of the day he found him sitting with his night-cap on, at a table which groaned under a mountain of books and papers. On the entrance of the Scotch clergyman, Mr. Scott accosted him in a harsh tone, and with much rudeness of manner, with a "Well, sir, what's your business?" The northern divine replied in mild accents, that he had no particular business,

but that being in England from the north of Scotland, he had come some considerable distance out of his way for the purpose of having the pleasure of seeing a man who had raised himself to so high an eminence in the religious world, and of, at the same time, assuring him of the high gratification with which he had read his writings. I do not now remember the exact observations which Mr. Scott made in reply, but they were so harsh, and his manner altogether was so rude to his Scotch admirer, that the latter quitted the place without having remained longer than a few minutes in it. He was heard to say, that he never could read the works of Scott with any pleasure afterwards. This shows, in a clear light, how careful ministers ought to be that they never exhibit anything of harshness or haughtiness in their demeanour towards those with whom they may have occasion to have intercourse. On the other hand, it is impossible to over-estimate the happy effects of a mild and amiable manner on the part of ministers.

There is another thing which preachers of the

gospel ought most sedulously to guard against, if they would consult their ministerial usefulness: I mean a spirit of levity. Let me not be understood as here proscribing a cheerful disposition, or even innocent conversation of a playful kind. The levity which I condemn is a very different thing: it is that excess of merriment or jocularity which leads the party to forget, for a time, the ministerial character altogether, and to degenerate into a sort of temporary buffoon. To make the proper distinction on paper between undue levity and innocent playfulness, is no easy task; but every one possessing a discriminative judgment will be able to make it in his own mind. One rule for distinguishing between the two things is this: that whenever a minister perceives that he is carrying his jocularity so far as that those around him are beginning to give unrestrained utterance to *their* fancied witticisms and real or supposed humorous remarks, he must have exceeded the bounds of propriety. There must be something wrong in a minister's conversation or conduct when his presence does

not operate as a restraint on any undue levity on the part of even the men of the world.

Of the importance to the preacher of the gospel, if he would be a useful Christian minister, of abstaining from anything approaching to laxity either of conversation or conduct, I need not speak. It must be sufficiently evident to all who have ever expended a moment's thought upon the subject. Where is the man who cannot point to cases which have fallen under his own observation, of some of the most able and eloquent ministers he has ever heard, neutralizing, in a great measure, the effects of their pulpit discourses, by looseness of conversation or laxity of conduct? Are there not evangelical ministers who can take as liberal, and seemingly as unrestrained a part in the conversation which is going on in a mixed company, as any of the other persons present? And is there not, on the very face of the thing, something wrong in this? My impression of the sanctity which ought to attach to the character of the Christian minister is such, that I conceive he ought not to be any length of

time in a mixed assemblage of individuals without something transpiring, in his deportment or conversation, if not in both, which will clearly indicate to the rest of the company the profession to which he belongs.

A man, I repeat, may be a first-rate preacher; there may be a peculiar unction in all the services of the sanctuary in which he engages; and yet, if there be anything loose in his words or conduct; anything like levity in his manner, or any appearance of his having caught the spirit of the world,—the efficiency of that man's ministerial labours is sure to be impaired to an awful extent.

I was expressing a short time ago to a Dissenting minister, my admiration of the able and evangelical preaching of the pastor of a Dissenting church; and added, that I was surprised his congregation was not larger. "The reason," said the other, "is, that though an excellent preacher there is a levity in his conduct which is most unbecoming. For example," he added, "Mr. ——— has been known repeatedly to purchase and eat apples in the

streets on the Sunday; and though never charged with any flagrant immorality himself, some of his most intimate acquaintances are very immoral in their conduct." I speak on this point from personal observation. I have known ministers remarkable for their talents as preachers, and whose doctrines were evangelical in the highest degree, but whose conduct, without being positively immoral, was not becoming the gospel,—labour for a long succession of years with but very limited success. I have heard it remarked times without number, of the ministers to whom I allude, "Oh what a pity it is that Mr. So-and-so ever comes out of the pulpit at all; how different he is in private from what he is there!" To guard against misconception, it may be proper to state, that in making these remarks I have no London minister in my eye. I make the observations in the hope that they may have the effect of causing some preacher of the gospel who may feel that they apply in a greater or less measure to his case, more vigilant in his life and conversation. And for the encou-

ragement and consolation of such ministers as may be conscious that Providence has not gifted them with those talents which acquire for men what is called popularity, let me here observe, that if they only walk holily and justly and unblameably before their fellow men, they may be made the instruments of much greater spiritual good than those of far superior talents whose conduct is unbecoming the spirit of the gospel. I am much afraid that there are many Christians, both in the ministry and out of it, who have never yet had proper views of the vast importance of a blameless example, to their usefulness in the world. Example, either for good or evil, exerts a mighty influence on the minds of those with whom we associate. I believe and am sure, that many a sinner has been converted through the still small voice of example, if there be not an inaccuracy in the expression, who have heard for years the preaching of faithful ministers without effect. It is a silent but most powerful and persuasive language. You hear not its voice, and yet the results show that it speaks with the tongue of a trumpet.

There is one part of the duty of a Christian minister which, I fear, is in many instances too much neglected in the present day, and to which neglect I attribute the limited usefulness of many of our popular preachers. My allusion is to the visitation of the sick, the afflicted, and the dying, in their own homes. I do hold that if there be one duty, out of the pulpit, which more than another has a special claim on the attention of the minister of the gospel, that duty is the visitations to which I refer. I have always observed, that the Christian pastor who is most noted for the promptitude and cheerfulness with which he visits the afflicted and the dying, proves the most useful man. So far from evincing a reluctance to visit the sick or dying, when they know that their visits will be well received, ministers ought to rejoice in every opportunity of the kind that presents itself to them; and they ought to lay aside every other occupation and engagement not of a peculiarly urgent kind, in order that they may be enabled to avail themselves of it. I could point to several preachers in the metro-

polis at the present time, whose conduct is most exemplary in this respect, and who have been remarkably successful in imparting spiritual benefit in the chamber of sickness and of impending death.

But I will not, for obvious reasons, refer to any of them by name. I may, however, mention that among evangelical ministers of the metropolis, lately deceased, Dr. Winter stood prominently forth in this point of view. He sought out cases of sickness and affliction, not only among his own people but wherever he thought his visits would be welcome. And eminently adapted was he, under the divine blessing, for turning such opportunities of access to the minds of his fellow-creatures, to the best account. He was, if I may use the expression, at home in the house of sorrow. If he rejoiced with those who rejoiced, he could also weep with those who wept. His was not only a benevolent, but a sympathising heart. He felt most tenderly for the woes and wretchedness of others. And who but those who have themselves been in deep distress, can tell

how soothing to the sorrowing soul, and how grateful to the suffering heart, are the gentle whisperings of the voice of sympathy? There is not a more effectual way of opening up an avenue to the human mind. Every word which in the season of deep distress falls from the lips of a faithful and affectionate minister, comes armed with a double, I had almost said a resistless power.

The history of the church is replete with instances in which persons whose hearts had for a long series of years been steeled against the truths of the gospel, though in the habit of attending an evangelical ministry, have at once been softened and subdued by the private expostulations, reasonings, entreaties, and admonitions of the Christian pastor,—when they were extended on the bed of sickness or of death. The hour of affliction, or the moment when the party has the immediate prospect of death before him, is indeed the season of all others when access to the soul of the sinner may be most confidently expected by a sympathising and tender-hearted visitor. The prin-

cipal obstructions to the ingress of the gospel into the human mind, are then removed. The world has lost all its attractions; the gloss and the glitter which used to captivate the party's eye, have vanished from all things around him; and those very objects which most dazzled his vision by their imaginary splendour, now appear in all their native hideousness and deformity. Secular pleasures, riches, honours; every thing, in a word, which the world can boast of, have not only ceased to fascinate but even to interest. They have at length been tried in the balance, and found wanting. The world itself, indeed, may be said to be in a great measure shut out from the individual's mind; and his heart is, if there be no impropriety in the expression, *predisposed* to the reception of the gospel.

What then shall be said of those ministers who neglect to avail themselves of such opportunities of usefulness? Well may they reflect on their dereliction of duty with fear and trembling. Awful, indeed, is the responsibility such persons incur. Happy shall I be, if I

ever learn, that any observations of mine have had the effect of awakening the minds of any Christian minister to a sense of his obligations in this respect. I shall only further add, that he who is really faithful to Him in whose service he is employed, and faithful to the souls of his fellow-men, will, instead of neglecting opportunities or being slow and reluctant to embrace them, of visiting those in distress, no matter of what kind, be constantly on the watch for such opportunities, and will cordially tender his most grateful acknowledgments to those who may call his attention to them.

In connection with the best means, humanly speaking, of preaching the gospel with effect, I would earnestly recommend to ministers the adoption of a didactic mode of addressing their hearers. It is one of the besetting sins of our modern ministers, that they are so partial to the use of generalities, and so fond of indulging in elaborately-reasoned passages. Nothing, in my view of the matter, can be more out of place, or less calculated to produce a salutary impression, than this method of addressing an audi-

ence. How different the sermon of Christ on the mount? How different the epistles of Paul and the other apostles? Nothing could be more didactic than that sermon, or those epistles. In almost every sentence they contain a sentiment which has a direct practical bearing. If the preachers of the present day would follow the pattern set them by Christ and his apostles, they would soon perceive a great difference in the results produced by their ministry.

In all preaching, too, the conscience of the hearer ought to be kept constantly in view. In the same proportion as this is lost sight of, it will be found that a ministry is unproductive. On the other hand, where the preacher addresses himself continuously to the consciences of his hearers, it will be found that he does not labour in vain. There is, I grieve to say it, a lamentable want of a searching ministry in the metropolis at this moment, considering the great number of evangelical pulpits in it.

And here let me impress on the preachers of the gospel, as being closely connected with the

point to which I have just alluded, the great importance, the indispensable necessity indeed, of addressing a large portion of their discourses to the unconverted. To this topic I shall have occasion to refer in my notices of particular preachers; but I am anxious, from a deep conviction of its vast importance, to call attention to it in this place. Sermon after sermon is preached by many of our metropolitan ministers, in which there is scarcely even an incidental allusion, to say nothing of a direct and distinct appeal, to sinners living in their unconverted state. The preacher, indeed, addresses his hearers as if he conceived they were all believers. This is an awful state of things. Persons in whose ears the thunders of Mount Sinai ought to be constantly pealing, scarcely hear of anything but the privileges, the peace, and the prospects of the saints of God. The Bible gives no countenance to this system of preaching; neither is it justified by the results it produces. Any preacher may, *à priori*, infer either from the picture which the Scriptures have drawn of human nature, or from what he

himself has witnessed of it, that in all mixed assemblages there must be a considerable proportion of those who compose such assemblages, in a state of alienation from God. An inquiry into the facts of the case; an investigation, I mean, relative to the life and conversation of all the persons in a mixed congregation, will conduct the minister to the same conclusion. I hold, therefore, that, as in every promiscuous audience there must be a greater or less number of individuals who are strangers to the regenerating operations of the Spirit, no sermon ought ever to be preached without a direct appeal to their consciences. The denunciations of a broken law ought in the first instance to be hurled at their heads, with the view of convincing them of their sins, alarming their fears, and extorting from them the inquiry, "What must we do to be saved?" and then they are to be pointed to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." See how awful and forcible were the denunciations which Jesus uttered against those who in his day rejected the gospel; and we know

enough of the preaching of the apostles, to feel persuaded that they, in this respect, followed the example of their Lord and Master. The thunders of the law, it is sufficiently clear, were largely sounded in the ears of Peter's audience when he converted three thousand by one sermon.

So far I have spoken only of those who live in open sin. There is another class of sinners who stand in equal need of being constantly appealed to, and reasoned and remonstrated with. I allude to those who only make a profession of religion, though they may be regular and even exemplary in the performance of many of its external duties. To point out the difference between such persons and those who really believe in Christ; to hold the mirror up to the hypocrite; and to dislodge from their perilous positions all who rest their hopes for eternity on any other foundation than the finished work of the Redeemer; to do this ought to be a constant part of the Sabbath-day duties of the minister of the gospel. How striking and numerous the examples of this kind which are

set them in the epistles of the New Testament!

I am unwilling to extend this chapter to any great length, and yet I cannot refrain from glancing at what I conceive to be a great want in the pulpit ministrations of many of our metropolitan preachers. I allude to that absence of fervour of manner which so extensively obtains both in the Establishment and among Dissenters. There is a coldness and lifelessness in the manner of many of our evangelical preachers, which in my judgment is greatly to be deplored. They go through their discourses with as much seeming indifference and formality, as if it were a positive sin to evince anything like warmth of feeling or interest in their subject. Such persons consider an impassioned mode of addressing their hearers as no better than a species of ranting. All I shall say in reference to this is, that if it be ranting, it were well for those who are committed to their charge, if they *ranted* a little more than they do. My own conviction is, that ranting, in the proper acceptation of the term, relates

principally, if not exclusively, to one's matter. A man can only be said with any propriety of speech to be ranting, when he suffers his feelings to get the better of his judgment, and is hurried away into extravagancies of thought and expression. I can conceive it quite possible that a preacher's mind may be so deeply interested in the truths he is proclaiming, as to impart a more than ordinary vehemence to his manner, without in the slightest degree transgressing the dictates of a sound judgment. Whitefield was a striking instance in point. He threw his whole heart and soul into his sermons, and his manner altogether was of the most impassioned kind of which we can form any conception; and yet we know, from his published discourses, that there was nothing extravagant in his matter. There is nothing of which I am more thoroughly convinced than of this, that could the great body of our evangelical ministers be only prevailed on to infuse into the delivery of their discourses greater fervour of feeling, their ministrations would be attended with happy results to an extent of

which they have at present no conception. We read with amazement of the effects produced by the preaching of Whitefield. Why so amazed? The secret of his success consisted entirely in the energy of his delivery. Let any one preach in the cold and unimpassioned manner which now unhappily prevails to so great an extent in our churches and chapels, the very sermons—for many of them are published—which produced such extraordinary results when delivered by Whitefield; let this be done, and any one may predict with perfect safety, that those sermons will produce no greater impression than would be produced by any of the ordinary discourses of one of the most common-place ministers of the present day. I will go still farther than this. I feel as entirely persuaded in my own mind as I ever did of the truth of anything not susceptible of mathematical demonstration, that if a sermon which has no pretensions to either sentiment or language beyond the circumstance of the matter consisting of the leading truths of the gospel, and the language is such as is intelligible,

be delivered with the fire and fervour of manner I am recommending, and another sermon, exhibiting in every particular the highest order of intellect, be delivered in the cold and lifeless way I am condemning; I feel, I say, most entirely assured, that if two such sermons be preached in the opposite ways to which I have alluded, the first will produce the greatest, and most permanent, and most salutary impression. I have had abundant evidence of this. I have heard sermons preached by men who were pigmies in intellect and mere novices in literature, compared with certain other preachers whom I have heard about the same time; and yet the effect produced by the ministrations of the former was incomparably greater than that produced by the preaching of the latter; simply because, that while the untalented minister was energetic and impassioned in his manner, the delivery of the highly intellectual preacher exhibited no symptoms of warmth or feeling.

What but the animation, or if the term be preferred, the enthusiasm of manner which characterised the preaching of the earlier Wes-

leyan Methodists, produced such mighty effects on the minds of those to whom they addressed themselves? And to what but to the zeal and ardour with which the gospel is in so many cases preached in America, are we to ascribe the revivals of religion which have recently taken place in so many parts of that country? The doctrines were essentially the same in both cases as those which were preached in other evangelical pulpits, without producing similar results. If ministers would make an impression on the minds of their hearers, they must first show that their own minds are impressed: if they would speak *to* the heart, they must speak *from* the heart.

Let not the purport of my observations be misunderstood. I am not advocating a mode of preaching which would address itself to the feelings only. What I am anxious to witness in the ministrations of our modern preachers is, an effort to influence the feelings and enlighten the mind at the same time. And there is nothing incompatible in this. The feelings may not only be reached, but powerfully in-

fluenced, while the judgment, so far from being outraged, will give its cool and deliberate sanction to the propriety of the emotions felt. If there may be, and in some cases is, a religion which is entirely one of the feelings, and is, consequently, no religion at all; there may be—and there is reason to fear there are too many instances of the kind—a religion which is one of the understanding only; a religion with which the heart or soul has nothing to do, and which therefore has, in the sight of Him who requires on the part of all his creatures an unreserved surrender of their hearts, as little of real piety in it as the religion of the greatest fanatic that ever lived. In all true religion there must be a blending of the judgment with the feelings—a union of the understanding with the heart.

The great truths of the gospel not only commend themselves to the understanding of mankind, but ought to affect and influence the heart. Their infinite importance and eternal bearings, ought surely to awaken the deepest interest in the minds of all; especially of those

who, from their professedly applying themselves to their constant study, may be presumed to be more alive to their unutterable momentousness than mankind generally are. That ministers, therefore, should talk of the great verities of the gospel with as much coldness and languor of manner as if they were speaking on topics of the most trifling interest, is not only surprising, but is a positive anomaly. What avails it that they expatiate on the infinite importance of the doctrines they deliver, when their manner does not correspond with their words? If, I repeat, they would impress the reality and importance of divine truth on others, they must show that they feel its importance and reality themselves. They must not deliver their sermons in such a way as would lead their hearers to suppose that they considered themselves engaged in the performance of an irksome task. They must preach in such a manner as will convince those to whom they address themselves that their heart is in the work —that they speak, because they *believe*—that they expostulate and exhort, because they *feel*.

It was one of the happiest and truest things that ever Horace gave utterance to, when he said, "that those who would convince others, must first show that they are themselves convinced." If this observation holds good in every case, it applies with special force in the case of ministers; inasmuch as the unbeliever or sceptic is apt to suspect them of preaching a certain class of doctrines merely because they live by the ministerial profession. When such persons see the preachers of the gospel delivering their sermons with coldness and indifference, they only become the more confirmed in their ungenerous suspicions. Let the Christian minister only evince that warmth of feeling and that earnestness of manner, which I am recommending, and neither the deist nor the sceptic will be able to resist the conviction that there is a truth and reality in religion. When a great orator of antiquity was asked what was the first requisite of effective oratory, his answer was "Action;" when asked what was the second, his reply was, "Action;" and when the question was put to him what was the third,

his answer was still the same. His meaning was, that action was everything in oratory. I cannot say of earnestness of manner, that it is everything in preaching sermons; for preaching the truth is of greater importance; but I do say, that next to sound evangelical doctrine, an earnest or impassioned manner is that from which the Christian minister may anticipate the happiest results.

Why, the majority of our preachers ought to read their own condemnation in this respect, in the conduct of those who deal in the fictions of the drama and the law. The anecdote of Garrick and the clergyman is well known. I myself have had occasion to relate it in another work.* The reason assigned by the great tragedian for the little impression produced by the preaching of the gospel, while such powerful effects were produced by the representation of mere dramatic fictions, was the correct one. "We represent fiction," says Garrick, "as if it were truth, while you preach truth as if it were fiction." The actor, in other words, throws

* The Bench and the Bar.

his whole soul into his part; he identifies himself so closely, for the time, with the imaginary character he undertakes to personate, as to forget everything else. With him all is feeling, though a feeling created and fostered by artificial means. It is the same in the case of advocates in our courts of law. Even when they know they are virtually uttering falsehood, inasmuch as they are speaking against their convictions and against the plain facts of the case, they contrive to throw so much feeling into their speeches, and evince so much zeal for their clients, as to produce a powerful impression on all who are present. And shall, then, the minister of the Gospel suffer it to be said, that while persons dealing in fiction, or in truths which are but of slight and temporary interest, exhibit so much fire and force and feeling of manner, they utter truths of infinite and undying importance without any marked indication of feeling—without any warmth or fervour of manner? Let them arouse themselves from their tameness and want of energy,

and let them speak with the zeal and animation which become their subject. Let them show that their breasts are agitated by a sense of the unspeakable importance of the message they are called to deliver. Out of the abundance of their hearts, let their mouths speak. Let them do this, and, with the Divine blessing, they may rely on a measure of success attending their ministrations, of which they have had no previous example.

If the preachers of the gospel would only make a point of meditating more frequently on the inexpressible importance of the truths they are called upon to deliver, the circumstance could not fail to conduce in a great degree to the warmth and earnestness of manner which I am so anxious to see universally exhibited by those who are called to minister in holy things. In their own minds, and in their moments of calm reflection, they are fully persuaded of the unutterable importance of the doctrines of the gospel; but the very circumstance of being called habitually to preach those doctrines, has so necessary a tendency to familiarize the mind

with them, as to render them at times, in so far as mere appearance goes, less alive to their infinite momentousness. This ought to be carefully guarded against. I would urgently press on ministers the propriety of making a point, an hour or two before ascending the pulpit, of meditating on the importance of the truths they are about to deliver, and of praying, that their minds may not only feel that importance, but that their manner may show that they do so.

Ministers dwell on the responsibility incurred by their people in hearing the gospel: they ought most sedulously to cultivate and to exhibit a deep sense of the fearful responsibility which attaches to themselves as preachers of that gospel. This would contribute in no inconsiderable degree to that zeal and fervour of manner which I am pressing on the attention of ministers.

If Cicero could say that he never began an oration, even when in the zenith of his reputation, without fear and trembling, how deep ought to be the anxiety of a preacher of the

gospel, when he stands up to deliver a message which, according as it is received or rejected, will diminish or increase the guilt of his hearers; a message, in other words, which bears most closely on their eternal destinies. If this anxiety be felt to the extent it ought, it will be sure to be evinced in that impassioned earnestness of manner which I hold to be so essential to the successful preaching of the gospel.

One word more, and I will bring my observations to a close. It would be found eminently conducive to the warmth and fervour of manner which I have thus at so much length urged on the attention of ministers, if they endeavoured to guard against forgetting that they are themselves personally as deeply interested in the truths which they deliver, as are the audience to whom those truths are addressed. I know that ministers are in the habit of overlooking, or rather not remembering, this solemn fact. They forget themselves in their hearers. Instead of doing so, they ought to reflect that they have as much need of applying to their own minds the doctrines and pre-

cepts they deliver, as their hearers have. Perhaps one of the most powerful appeals ever made to sinners from any pulpit,—for it was an appeal which so aroused and alarmed the audience who heard it, that the hair of hundreds stood on end, and the blood of others curdled in their veins, while many actually rose up unconsciously in their pews; perhaps, I say, one of the most powerful appeals ever made in the pulpit, was that made by the celebrated French preacher, Massillon, when referring to the small number of those who shall be saved, he exclaimed, "Now I ask you (*and connecting my own lot with yours, I ask it with dread*) were Jesus Christ to appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, to judge us, to make the dreadful separation betwixt the goats and the sheep, do you believe that the greatest number of us would be placed at his right hand? Do you believe that the number would at least be equal? Do you believe there would even be found ten upright and faithful servants of the Lord, when formerly five cities could not furnish so many? I ask you. You know not;

and I know not. Thou alone, O my God, knowest who belong to thee!" Massillon was one of those preachers who identified his own interests with those of his hearers. He felt on his own mind the influence of the truths which he addressed to others; and hence the extraordinary fervour and earnestness of manner which he displayed. Would that all our ministers of the present day were equally impressed with the conviction that they are individually as deeply interested in the truths they preach, as are their hearers! Then should we witness an unction and earnestness and energy in their ministrations, which in the case of great numbers, even of those whose views are perfectly evangelical, we look for in vain.

I trust that no one will misunderstand the purport of my observations, in thus so earnestly recommending a greater warmth and animation of manner than usually prevail in our pulpits. I hope that no one will for a moment suppose that I am recommending that extravagant gesticulation which is sometimes to be witnessed in public speakers. Nothing of

the kind. It is not in gesture alone that the right sort of earnestness of manner consists. The movements and glances of the eye, the general expression of the countenance, and the tones of the voice, have as much to do with the manner of preaching which I am pressing on the adoption of ministers of the gospel, as any motions of the body or of the arms. And in order that while a preacher's manner is earnest, there should be nothing outrageous or unnatural about it, I would impress on those who occupy the pulpits of our land, that they should carefully study oratory. We know how carefully that science was studied by Demosthenes, and the other distinguished orators of antiquity; and we know with what care it has been studied by all those actors who have acquired eminence in their profession. Why, then, should it not be studied with an equal if not with still greater assiduity, by the preachers of the gospel? George Whitefield was duly alive to its value; hence the great attention which he paid to it.

CHAPTER II.

LATELY-DECEASED MINISTERS.

The Rev. Dr. Waugh—The Rev. Matthew Wilks—The Rev. William Howels — The Rev. Rowland Hill — The Rev. Edward Irving.

THE Rev. Dr. WAUGH, of Wells Street Chapel, Oxford Street, belonged, as is generally known, to a body of dissenters from the church of Scotland, called Seceders. For nearly half a century did he preside over the church and congregation in Wells Street, with great satisfaction to his people, and, there can be no doubt, corresponding happiness to himself.

He was a man of deep and unaffected piety. His bosom ever glowed with love to God, and love to his fellow-men. The uppermost object in his mind was to promote the glory of his Creator, and the present and future happiness of mankind. Few of his contemporary minis-

ters of the gospel were so unremitting and zealous in their efforts to do good, by preaching for, and otherwise labouring to insure the success of all societies and institutions which were established with a view to advance the cause and kingdom of Christ. He was one of the fathers of the London Missionary Society. His heart was, at all times, bound up in that institution, and he had the gratification of seeing it, before he died, not only spreading itself throughout the whole of the civilized world, but carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Wherever a charitable object was sought to be gained, the good offices of Dr. Waugh were invariably solicited, and, I may add, almost as invariably conceded. Few, if any, of his contemporaries preached so many sermons for charitable and benevolent purposes; and few have been more liberal or frequent in dispensing abroad the blessings of private charity. He had a heart to feel for all; and never did he withhold a helping hand, when in circumstances to extend it, from the unhappy sufferer.

It is unspeakably pleasant as one stands over the grave of a fellow-being, to think that next to the promotion of the divine glory, the great aim of his existence was to soothe the troubled mind and to alleviate human wretchedness, in whatever aspect it presented itself. The memory of such a man is truly blessed. Compared with the reputation of having administered both to the spiritual and temporal wants of one's fellow-creatures, how worthless and insignificant is the reputation of the philosopher or the warrior!

Dr. Waugh was a highly acceptable preacher. His matter was always evangelical, and he constantly laboured to arouse the conscience and to impress the heart. There was an earnestness in his general manner which at once produced the conviction on the minds of all who heard him, that his heart was in his work, and that he was fully alive to the responsibility of the situation in which he stood as the messenger of grace to guilty men. He had naturally a playful fancy, and was distinguished for his lively wit; and though his sermons oc-

casionally afforded some indications of those qualities, yet he always took care to guard against indulging in them to such an extent as would trench on the seriousness which becomes the ministerial character. In prayer, he particularly excelled. There was a depth of devotional feeling in all his public approaches to the throne of grace, which was very rarely equalled in the prayers of contemporary ministers. Prayer is a gift which he needs no more; it is an exercise in which he no longer engages. The language of supplication is now exchanged for the language of exclusive adoration and praise.

One of the most admirable traits in the character of Dr. Waugh, was the charitable feeling with which he was ever disposed to regard every one with whom he came in contact. Not only was he himself never known to utter a whisper with the view of detracting from the character of his fellow-men, but he never suffered it to be done by others in his hearing, when it was in his power to prevent it. His generous nature revolted at the very thought

of calumny, or even of dwelling too much on the known and undeniable imperfections of erring brethren. Would that not only all ministers of the gospel, but all christians, possessed his spirit in this respect! Oh, it is an unseemly sight to witness christians traducing and calumniating one another, or even dwelling with an evident gratification on the actual faults or short-comings of their brethren! I have almost invariably observed that those who are most disposed to be particularly severe on the characters or conduct of others, have most need to look closely at their own. If the time which some men calling themselves by the christian name, expend in either calumniating others or dwelling on their errors, were spent in praying for their forgiveness and reformation, such persons would not only, in all human probability, be promoting the happiness of the parties for whom they prayed, but great good would, indirectly, be done to their own souls.

Dr. Waugh was remarkable among his contemporary ministers for the zeal and assiduity with which he laboured to heal the divisions

which exist among Christians of different denominations, and to persuade them all to regard each other with brotherly feelings. There was nothing that caused greater pain to his generous and expansive mind, than to see the saints of God stand aloof from each other, merely because on matters of church government, or on doctrinal topics of minor importance, they happened to entertain different opinions. So, on the other hand, there was nothing which afforded him a higher delight, than to see the various sects holding evangelical views of divine truth, merging in their intercourse together all their denominational peculiarities, and co-operating with each other in a spirit of brotherly affection and esteem, in establishing and extending bible societies, missionary and other religious institutions, and in doing whatever lay in their power to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion in the world. And he was eminently successful in his endeavours to unite Christians of different denominations in the bonds of love and respect. For this he was pecu-

liarly adapted by Providence. Not only were his scholastic and general attainments such as could not fail to command the respect of all who felt disposed to do homage to intellect, but his eminent piety and singularly open and generous disposition, insured the affection of all who happened to become acquainted with him.

I know of nothing which is more unbecoming than the jealousies and heart-burnings; the cold look and the angry tone, which are, I regret to say, so common among Christians of different views on the lesser points of religion. I have touched on this topic in a former work; but I cannot help referring to it again. How many, in cases where no doubt can exist as to the personal piety of the parties, refuse to each other the right hand of fellowship. With what an acrimonious spirit are our religious centroversies often carried on. Would I were not constrained to characterise the conduct of some Christians in still stronger terms. Is it not, alas! in many cases but too evident, that both parties are actuated by feelings of malevolence

towards each other? Do they not often resort to the presumptuous expedient of arraigning each other's motives? thus having the awful hardihood to usurp, in effect, the province and prerogative of the Most High. Surely Christians have trials and crosses enough, both from without and from within, without thus making new crosses and trials to themselves. The bond of union in the Christian world is sufficiently clear. Wherever men hold the great Head; wherever their hopes for time and for eternity rest exclusively on the atonement of Immanuel, they ought to be united together heart and hand. This by no means implies a compromise of principle. It is quite compatible with the most rigid adherence to what each may conceive to be the right view of divine truth. With all Dr. Waugh's allowances for those who differed from him, and with all the liberality and love with which he regarded them, no man was more ready at all times, to stand up for his own peculiar notions.

Dr. Waugh was intimately conversant with the profane literature of modern as well as of

ancient times. He was a great admirer of genius wherever he saw it. With the plays of Shakspeare and the poems of Burns, he was exceedingly well acquainted. And such was his admiration of the beauties with which the works of these two writers abound, that he could not help occasionally quoting them in the pulpit. I need not, however, say that he was very careful as to the passages he quoted, and that he always gave them a turn which neither of their authors ever contemplated. The well known phrase in Hamlet's soliloquy, "Ay, there's the rub," was a favourite one with him, when he had, if I may so speak, pushed his hearers into a sort of corner in reference to spiritual matters; and as he used the phrase he generally accompanied it with a flourish of his right hand in the air. But perhaps of all the quotations which he ever made from profane writers, none surprised his people so much as one he made from one of Burns's songs, on a sacramental occasion. I am indebted for the anecdote to a lady who was at the time, and continued till his death, one of his members.

The communicants were seated at the sacramental table, and he, according to the custom of the Presbyterian church of Scotland, was addressing them, or as it is technically called, "serving the table," previous to the distribution of the elements. In the middle of his address he said, as nearly as my informant could remember the words, "You are all, communicants, acquainted with the popular song of your countryman, in which, speaking of the warm affection which a lassie* cherishes for her lover, he represents her as saying,

"His very foot, there's music in't
As he comes up the stairs."

A feeling of surprise at a quotation from such a writer as Burns, on such a solemn occasion as that on which they were at the time met, was simultaneously experienced by all present; and every one wondered in his own mind, how the Doctor could convert such lines to a spiritual purpose. He soon satisfied them on the point. Proceeding in his address, he observed, "Well, then, communicants, if such be the affection

* A young woman.

which one human being bears to another, as that the mere footsteps of the party loved should be as music to the ears of the lover, how sweet ought the sound of the footsteps of Jesus to be in your ears, as he comes to you in the ordinance which you are now met to observe; for in the ordinance of the Supper he does come to his disciples in a peculiar sense." I am not an advocate for quotations in the pulpit from authors of such loose moral notions as Shakspeare and Burns, but I am sure that every Scotchman must have been struck with the singular felicity of the one in question.

Dr. Waugh could enjoy an innocent joke with as much zest as any one; and few men could tell a humorous story with better effect. A reverend friend of his has told me, that he has often heard him relate a short anecdote, though at the expense of the body to whom he belonged. The anecdote was this. A worthy but blunt old man, living in the part of Scotland from which Dr. Waugh came, had been so sand-blind from his youth, as to be unable to read without the help of glasses of a

greatly magnifying power, and even then not without difficulty and pain. Being, however, a lover of the scriptures, he made one of his sons, a little boy about thirteen years of age, read a portion of them every night. The old man, I should here remark, was a most rigid Seceder. He could scarcely be brought to admit that piety could exist among any other body of Christians. One evening, before going to bed, the son was reading the usual chapter, and he happened to light on that one in Timothy, in which it is said that the time will come when "wicked men and evil seducers shall wax worse and worse." The boy, by mistake,—and we all know such mistakes will happen,—read "seceders" for the word "seducers." "Eh! fats that ye say, laddie*?" exclaimed the worthy old man, in his own hasty manner. "Just read that verse again." The boy read the verse a second time, and again fell into the same error. "Just lat me see the buik," said the honest, but blunt Seceder, and as he spoke he hastily stretched out his hand and snatched the Bible

* Anglicé, boy.

from the hands of his son. His glasses were forthwith produced, and got some half-dozen extra rubs with his handkerchief before he adjusted them on his nose. He looked at the verse, and seeing but very imperfectly, commenced spelling the word. "Se—se—se—" He then, owing to his deficient vision, mistook the three intervening letters, "duc," but read the remaining three, "ers," quite correctly. Finding that the two first and the three last letters of the word answered for the term "seceders," the poor man thought that was actually the word. His confusion on thus fancying that the denomination to which he belonged, was expressly condemned in one of the epistles of St. Paul, was inexpressible. He uttered, or rather half uttered, a significant "humph," and followed it up with the remark, closing the book as he spoke, "Johnny, lad, that 'll do for the nicht."

Another amusing anecdote, which Dr. Waugh used to tell with great spirit, has been communicated to me by one of the most distinguished literary writers of the day—a gentleman who has on

several occasions been a gratified listener while the Doctor was relating it:—A singularly pious, but exceedingly simple-minded and blunt-mannered Scotchman, named John Adams, who had been long employed about the farm-steading of the late Duke of Buccleugh, had been provided with a better situation by his Grace, in the service of George the Third, then residing at Windsor Castle. The Duke had previously mentioned to the King that John was a man of decidedly religious habits, and that therefore, though otherwise a most trustworthy and diligent servant, he would feel uneasy in his mind if he were asked to work on the Sabbath-day. The King, who had himself more correct notions regarding the sanctity of the Sabbath than usually obtains either in palaces or in the mansions of the nobility, said that he venerated the man for his religious strictness, and that he would not be asked to do anything which could do violence to his views respecting the way in which that day ought to be observed. In the course of a little time, the King and John got very familiar together,

and at length the monarch frequently gave him the key of a small cellar in which he kept some wine* of his own; desiring John to fetch one bottle, or two bottles, as the case might be. One Sabbath evening, the King called John, and said he wanted him to fetch a bottle of Madeira from his cellar. George accompanied John to the cellar, to see that the right wine was taken, and that the door was again locked. As John attempted to put the key into the lock, his hand shook in a very marked manner; so much so, indeed, that some time elapsed before he could get the door opened. The King observing this, said, "What's the matter, John, that your hand shakes so much?"

"Weel, your Majesty, I'm some thinkin' it's because this is the Sabbath, and that it's nae richt to be employed in this way on His blessed day."

"John, my good man," said the monarch, "I respect your religious scruples, and I'll never

* This monarch, though he did not drink to excess, was exceedingly fond of Madeira, and always kept for his own use a certain quantity of it in a small cellar, to which even the Queen was not allowed access.

ask you to bring me wine on a Sunday in future."

"Oh, mony thanks to your good Majesty for that," observed John with great emphasis.

Some time after this, the Duke of Buccleugh happening to be on a visit to the King at Windsor Castle, met with John, and inquired how he liked his situation.

"Weel, your Grace, I would like it unco weel if there were a pure gospel ministry in the place; but there's naething o' the kind. Oh!" he added with a sigh, "if I were but settled in Lunnon, (London) to be near good Dr. Waugh!"

"Well, John," observed the Duke, "I'll try and see whether I cannot gratify your wishes."

"It would be a great act of goodness if your Grace would but just try."

"I will," John, remarked the Duke, as he parted with his old servant.

And he was as good as his word. In about a month afterwards he got John appointed one of the porters at the gate of Carlton Palace, then the residence of the Prince Regent. In about another month, the Duke having occa-

sion to visit the Prince and having been let in by another porter, found John sitting in a dark gloomy-looking room inside the gate, reading his Bible. "Well employed, John, as usual," remarked the Duke.

"Is it your Grace I've the honour of speakin' to?" said John, raising his head, and looking up through his glasses.

"Ay, it's me, John. Well, you're quite satisfied now, I hope, when you have an opportunity of hearing your good Dr. Waugh every Sunday."

"Ah! that's a great privilege, your Grace, if I use it weel," answered John. "But," he added, "this situation is nae the thing yet, your Grace."

"What's the matter now, John? I thought you would have been quite comfortable here."

"Ah! this is a sad, sad place, your Grace," observed John, shaking his head and heaving a sigh.

"In what respect, John?"

"This way, your Grace,—that the Prince is nae better than he should be. He sometimes

gies me little rings and trinkets, as he calls them,—things that I would nae gie five saxpences for a cart load of, and he asks me to go and leave them in a shop in the Haymarket, and bids me say I'm from the Prince, and that then they'll give me any sum of money that I ask for them. And sure enough I've gotten pounds this way, when the trinkets were not worth a white shilling."

"Is that all you've got to complain of, John?"

"Dear bless me, no, your Grace. They keep such late hours here as to turn the nicht into morning; and fats mair than a' that, it was only last nicht that the Prince came hame at three o'clock in the morning with twa uncommonly braw* leddies, one on each arm, and baith with faces as red 's a harvest-moon."

"Well, John," said the Duke; "I see you are quite out of your element here. I think we must send you back to Scotland, and see to make some provision for you there."

"Oh! will your Grace be so good," shouted

* Elegantly dressed.

John, half ecstatic at the thought of returning to his own moral and religious country. "If ye do, I'll bless your Grace as lang's I'm able to speak a word or think a thought."

In a few days afterwards the Duke returned and informed John that he had mentioned his case to the King, and that his Majesty had agreed to settle a pension of fifty pounds a-year on him in his own country, as long as he lived.

The simple-minded honest-hearted man, literally shed tears of joy and gratitude on hearing the intelligence. He immediately returned to his own country, where he lived happily for many years, and died in the full faith and peace of the gospel.

Dr. Waugh's speeches at meetings of religious societies were often droll as well as ingenious, and their drollery was greatly heightened by the profusion of words pronounced in the broad Scotch, which he introduced into them. I remember hearing him, about twenty years ago, make a speech at a Bible Society Meeting held in Spa Fields Chapel, and at which Dr. Collyer presided; in which speech there was one

passage which struck me as very odd. He was reproaching Christians for not making greater exertions, with a view to the extension of their religion throughout the world, and then went on to say—"If Mahomet were alive and in London at this moment, I could fancy that he would waylay me some Sabbath-day when going to the kirk,* and giein me a slap in the face wi' his Alcoran, would say, 'Dr. Waugh, ye Christians ocht to be ashamed o' yoursells and your religion; for here am I, who am seven hundred years younger than the Founder o' your system, and here is my Alcoran seven hundred years younger than your New Testament, and yet our religion has made far greater progress in the world than yours has done. Fie, fie upon you Christians!" The Doctor then went on to shew that the reproof of Mahomet would be quite just, and to argue from the fact the necessity of Christians making much greater exertions for the spread of the gospel, than they had yet made.

Dr. Waugh was exceedingly kind to, and was

* Church or chapel.

at all times accessible by young men studying for the ministry; and by them he was beloved to a degree amounting to a species of idolatry. When any one was about to be examined by ministers as to his progress in his studies at either of the Dissenting Theological Institutions in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, he was delighted beyond measure when he ascertained that Dr. Waugh was to be present. And well the students might, on such occasions, wish the presence of the Doctor; for he had in many instances interposed with effect on their behalf when treated with unnecessary roughness by others. No man, perhaps, was more rigid and severe, I should indeed say positively cruel, in his examination of the students of divinity, than the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. On one occasion, four or five years before Dr. Waugh's death, he had badgered and browbeaten a young man to such a degree, that he was scarcely able to answer the plainest question. "Man," said Mr. Wilks, "you'll never be fit for the ministry. You seem to know nothing at all. Can you tell the difference between

Moses and me." "Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks," interposed Dr. Waugh, unable any longer to remain a silent spectator of such harsh treatment; "Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks, ye should na' put such a question as that to the lad; but if ye like, I'll tell ye the difference between Moses and you: Moses was the *meekest* of men."

The answer was felicitous in the highest degree; all present except Mr. Wilks enjoyed the witicism. Mr. Wilks put no further questions to the young man; and those which others put were answered in a very satisfactory manner.

Dr. Waugh had a quick perception of the intellectual as well as moral qualities of those with whom he came in contact; and he was, in most cases, correspondingly happy in conveying to others, in a few words, what his opinions in this respect were. Speaking to a friend of mine, of Rowland Hill's fertile imagination, and in many respects original mind, he happily characterized that eccentric man as one who had an inexhaustible supply of gems at command, but was incapable of stringing

them together, or so arranging them as to produce their proper effect.

He was very partial, especially in the latter part of his life, to the use of scriptural phraseology, even when conversing on the ordinary concerns of the world; but never did his use on such occasions of the words of inspiration give rise to an irreverent idea; not even when if used by other ministers under the same circumstances, they would, in a greater or less measure, have produced that effect. The last instance of the kind communicated to me occurred a year or two before his death, and the circumstances under which it did take place, showed in a striking manner his own disinterestedness and kindness of heart to others.

One day while a friend of his, a professional gentleman recently arrived from Scotland, was with him in his study, several individuals connected with charitable societies called upon him, with the view of ascertaining in what form it would be most agreeable to his feelings to receive a small testimonial

of their respect for his character and of their sense of his services to those societies,—which it had been resolved upon by themselves and others like-minded with them, to present him with. His answer was to the effect, that he felt exceedingly obliged to them for their contemplated kindness, but that he was now too old to receive any such testimonials; "but," he added, (patting the gentleman on the shoulders) "this is a young callant, a friend of mine that has just come up frae Scotland: I shall be greatly obliged if you can in any way forward his professional views. 'Whatsoever you do unto him, you do unto me.'"

Dr. Waugh had a very commanding person. He was about six feet in height, and stoutly made. In later years his head was in a great measure bald: what hair remained had imparted to it the silvery hue so generally caused by advanced age. His face was full; his complexion fresh, for one of his great years; and his features were pleasing. His eye had the piercing clearness of the eagle's, and always beamed with kindness. He died in 1828, in

the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the fiftieth of his ministry.

The Rev. Matthew Wilks, minister of the Tabernacle in the City Road, and of Tottenham Court Road Chapel, was, for about half a century, one of the best-known preachers in London. He came to town in early life, and soon raised himself to that distinguished station among the religious portion of the community, which he ever afterwards maintained till the hour of his death. In glancing therefore at some of the great and good men whose lives were chiefly spent in preaching the gospel of Christ in London, it were an unpardonable oversight did I omit to give some notice of such a man as Matthew Wilks. There were various traits of minor interest in his character which I must pass over; contenting myself with a reference to a few of the more prominent and important ones; and even to them, I must not advert at any length.

Mr. Wilks had the reputation of being a singularly shrewd man in perceiving the real charac-

ter of individuals, as well as one whose judgment might be more relied on in matters of a secular nature than that perhaps of any of his contemporary brethren in the ministry. It has been mentioned in private by those friends who had an opportunity of knowing something on the subject, that the result of the credit he had obtained for possessing an unusually sound judgment, was his being consulted, in the course of his long ministerial career, in the making of a greater number of wills, and his being appointed one of the executors of such wills, than any other man of his day. A great many cases consist with my own knowledge, derived from private sources of information, in which he was consulted by Dissenting ministers in circumstances of difficulty, in preference to any other person they knew; and, so far as my knowledge, derived from these peculiar sources of information extends, the advice he gave was in almost every instance, as the result proved, the wisest and best that could have been tendered to the parties soliciting it. I could name, but for obvious reasons I forbear to

do so, some cases in which, through his judicious counsel and friendly interposition, ministers of the gospel (some of them still living, and among the most popular preachers of the day) were enabled triumphantly to vindicate their character when unjustly and artfully assailed in a vital part; and who but for that advice and interposition must assuredly have fallen victims to the combined ingenuity and malevolence of their enemies.

Of his shrewdness in detecting hypocrisy and discerning the true points of one's character, innumerable instances are recorded in private circles. As their name is legion, I will not particularise any of them; but will, on the contrary, mention one instance in which his wonted shrewdness failed him, and he became the easy dupe of an ingenious swindler. The party in this case having ascertained that a certain old rich gentleman, lately returned from abroad, had become one of Mr. Wilks' hearers, and was sufficiently known to him by name, though Mr. Wilks was unacquainted with his hand-writing, — drew out, one

morning, a cheque for one hundred pounds, in the name of the gentleman, on a bank in which the latter had no money; and putting on the clothes of a footman, he called on Mr. Wilks and handed him the cheque, which was enclosed in a sheet of paper, intimating the wish of the donor, that it should be given to the funds of a religious society in whose affairs Mr. Wilks felt the deepest interest. The reverend gentleman, who had a curious drawling way of forcing the words out of his mouth, owing to his keeping it in a great measure compressed while he spoke, remarked as he inspected the cheque—"This—is—a—very—handsome—donation—my—man. I'll—write—and—thank—Mr. R——— for—it." "Very good, Sir," said the rogue, with the flippant politeness of the class of persons to whom he wished for the time to be understood as belonging—"Very good, Sir," and he made a lacquey's bow, and quitted the room. In the course of five minutes afterwards he returned in breathless haste, saying he had entirely forgot that his master had particularly

desired him to pay an account of ten pounds to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, and that as he had not the requisite amount with him, and the residence of his master was two miles distant, he would feel particularly obliged, and so would his master, if Mr. Wilks would give him ten pounds out of the hundred for which he had got the cheque; assuring Mr. Wilks that the moment he went home, the ten pounds would be returned to him in a two-penny letter. Mr. Wilks at once handed him the ten pounds, and the fellow quitted the apartment, renewing his protestations as he reached the door, that in a few hours the money would be returned to Mr. Wilks. He had scarcely got to the street, when the idea flashed across the mind of the reverend gentleman, that he had possibly been duped. He mused for a moment, and then felt assured of the fact. Striking the palm of his hand on his knee, so as to suit the action to the word, he exclaimed in his own peculiar way, "I'm—done; I'm—done; I'm—done." The loss of his money he regarded as nothing; but he

never could forgive himself for being so easily duped by a lacquey-looking rogue.

Mr. Wilks' influence over his congregations was perhaps greater than that of any other minister over his flock, that could be named. They regarded him with mingled feelings of the deepest respect and the warmest affection. He was their "dear friend," as well as "beloved pastor." No one will be surprised, therefore, especially when I add that their confidence in his judgment was unbounded, on being informed that his will was, in almost every instance, a law to them. Large as were his congregations both in the City Road and Tottenham Court Road, and unwieldy as they were in many repects, Mr. Wilks preserved the greatest union and harmony among them during the long period he was their pastor. The differences and dissensions which have taken place among them since his death, are unhappily too well known, not only to the religious portion of the metropolitan community, but to the public generally.

But it was not merely as regarded the externals

of church government, that Mr. Wilks exercised a powerful influence over the minds of his people. He was eminently successful in the conversion of sinners, and in the edification of the saints of God. His influence as a preacher of the truths of the gospel, was in these respects singularly great, as hundreds who are still alive are ready to testify. His preaching was eminently calculated to be useful: he constantly aimed at awakening the conscience and reaching the heart. His views of truth were sound and clear, and feelingly though sometimes roughly expressed. His matter was spiritual, solemn, and searching. His illustrations were often homely, but his character was so highly esteemed by all who knew him, whether as a man or as a Christian, that what would not have been tolerated in others, either occasioned not a thought, or was overlooked, when coming from him.

Mr. Wilks had a most intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart. Few men have proved more successful in tracing its various windings, or in exposing the fallacies in which the saint as well as the sinner is in the

habit of entrenching himself. With thousands it was matter of surprise, how the reverend gentleman was so successful in holding the mirror up to the minds of all classes and descriptions of his hearers. To me, the thing is of easy explication. He had most carefully studied the workings of his own mind: he had most attentively watched the operations of his own heart in every variety of circumstances in which he found himself placed; and understanding the philosophy of human nature sufficiently well to know, that it is essentially the same in one man as in another, except where grace has made the difference, he inferred from his own experience in his unconverted as well converted state, what passed in the hearts of others.

Mr. Wilks carefully prepared himself by previous study for his pulpit ministrations. His preparation, however, was chiefly confined to the matter and arrangement of his discourses. He always regarded mere style as a thing unworthy of thought in one who was called to preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Hence, his diction had nothing of polish in it. He

not only did not deal in rounded periods or euphoniously constructed sentences, but he never felt a desire to be considered eloquent, in the sense in which the world usually understand the term. He was, however, eloquent as regarded the impression his preaching made and the effects it produced. His diction was plain, but not slovenly. It was always clear from its very plainness. Much of his preaching was of a colloquial kind: he often spoke from the pulpit to the two thousand people who attended his ministry at each of his chapels, just as if he had been sitting in his own easy chair in his study, and conversing with a private friend. He scarcely ever delivered a sermon, in the course of which he did not say something pointed; something that would make an impression on the mind likely to be retained. He was exceedingly partial to the use of short quotations from our most popular hymns, in illustrating his positions. And at the conclusion of his discourses, instead of desiring the congregation, as is usually done in the chapels in London, to sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings

flow," or some other lines of a doxological character, he always gave out four, five, or six verses—now and then as many as eight—of one of the ordinary hymns, suitable to the sermon; the same as at the commencement of the services.

Mr. Wilks was remarkable for his disinterestedness. In no action of his life, during the half century he presided over the congregations in Tottenham Court Road and the City Road, was he known to have his own personal interests in view. Even though he procured an increase of salary for his colleagues in office, not only would he not solicit, but he would not accept, any addition to his own. And what is more, though his salary never exceeded two hundred per annum, upwards of one hundred of it were regularly given away in charity.

His goodness of heart, no one who knew him ever questioned. A more truly kind-hearted man was not to be met with. Yet, singular as it may appear, with all his kindliness of disposition, he often conducted himself in the roughest and even rudest manner

which it were possible to conceive. The law of kindness was, indeed, in his heart; but there was not the slightest trace of it on his lips. It was the remark of all who ever had any intercourse with him, that a kinder heart and harsher manner were never exhibited in the same person.

He was a most diligent reader of the Bible. In a brief memoir of him, written by the late Rev. Mr. Sharp, of Crown Street Chapel, Soho, it is stated, that he read it fairly through four times every year, and that on one occasion he read it through in the almost incredibly short space of thirty days!

His texts were often of a most curious kind, and such as none but himself would have thought of choosing. When about to preach the annual sermon in Surrey Chapel, in 1812, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, he gave out, to the astonishment of all present, the following verse from Jeremiah — "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes for the queen of heaven, and to

drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger." And yet the Evangelical Magazine of that day, represented the sermon as the most ingenious and most effective ever preached before the institution whose cause he advocated. In 1824, Mr. Wilks preached to a crowded audience at Bristol, a most impressive sermon, from the single word, "Afterwards."

To learn that any of his people, whether members of the church or hearers only, acted inconsistently with the Christian character, was, on all occasions, the source of the deepest sorrow to him. When such information reached him, he often made use of it in his pulpit ministrations, but without, of course, making such pointed reference to the individual, as that the congregation could discover who the party was to whom he referred. An instance of this kind occurred, on one occasion, under circumstances which would cause a smile, were it not too affecting to think that any regular attendant on an evangelical ministry, should speak or act inconsistently with the Christian

character. As he was one day passing along one of the streets in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, he saw two women, in the humbler ranks of life, carrying on a most animated war of words with each other; and so equally were they matched, that it would have been difficult for those most versed in such matters, to say which of the belligerents was the most skilful and effective in wielding the weapon of singularly coarse abuse. Mr. Wilks interposed, and by dint of remonstrance and the threat of calling the police, eventually succeeded in inducing one of the "vituperative" parties to quit the scene of conflict. "Now, my good woman," said Mr. Wilks, to the remaining militant, "are you not ashamed of yourself in having made such a disgraceful exhibition?"

"It was the other voman who was the cause of it all," was the answer; the party wishing to shift the blame from herself to her antagonist.

"But *you* ought not to have followed so bad an example."

"Hooman natur, Sir, could not stand yon voman's tongue," observed the quondam war-

rior, still attempting to justify or at least to extenuate her conduct.

"But religion ought to have taught you better," suggested Mr. Wilks. "May I ask," he added, "what religion you are of?"

"The religion of the Tabernacle, Sir. I am a regular hearer of Mr. Matthew Wilks; and a very excellent preacher he is, Sir."

It were easier to imagine than describe what were Mr. Wilks' feelings on ascertaining that one of the parties to the unseemly exhibition he had witnessed, was one of his own stated hearers. The woman never having seen the reverend gentleman, except in his gown and with his bands, and even then only at a distance of nearly the whole length of a large chapel, did not recognize him in his ordinary clothes. Mr. Wilks, in the excess of his grief and mortification at the discovery, alluded to the circumstance in his sermon on the following Sabbath day, and fixing his eye on that part of the chapel where the free sittings were, and where there was always a great number of women in the same rank of life as she who had

described herself as his "regular hearer," he assumed that the majority, if not the whole of that portion of his audience were as bad as she, and then read them one of the most severe lectures ever delivered, on the flippancy, the coarseness, and the venom of woman's tongue, when unrestrained by religion.

Mr. Wilks was fearless and straight-forward in the expression of his opinions on all subjects and on all occasions. He never hesitated to rebuke to their face his brother ministers, when he thought there was any thing inconsistent in their conduct. Sometimes this caused unpleasant feelings towards him on the part of the persons so rebuked. In various instances his reproofs were resented, and his right to administer them openly questioned. But the only person, so far as my knowledge goes, that ever fairly put Mr. Wilks down, when he was acting the part of a censor of other men's conduct, was the Rev. Robert Hall. Mr. Wilks, one day, in the presence of several ministers and other religious men, addressed Mr. Hall, as follows, immediately after

the latter had been indulging in those sarcasms, jokes, and ill-natured remarks at the expense of other men, to which he was so much in the habit of giving utterance:—"Mr. Hall, we all admit you are a great man; some of us think you are a good man; but I must plainly tell you, that there are many persons who doubt your Christianity altogether."

"Why so, Sir?" inquired Mr. Hall, in his usual impatient and abrupt manner. "Why so, Sir? Why should any man doubt *my* Christianity any more than *your* Christianity, Sir?"

"Because, Mr. Hall," replied Mr. Wilks, "you are so much in the habit of making acrimonious remarks and sporting jokes, at other people's expense."

"Well, Sir," returned Mr. Hall, "and what if I sometimes do? The only difference, Sir, between you and me, is, that I speak my nonsense in the *parlour* and you speak yours in the *pulpit*."

Mr. Wilks, strong as were his nerves, was completely put down, as the phrase is, by the

combined wit and severity of the remark. He was heard afterwards to say, that he would never again take upon himself the office of rebuking Mr. Hall for any improprieties of speech of which he might be guilty in his presence.

Mr. Wilks' remarks in conversation were often exceedingly laconic, though pregnant with meaning. The same may be said of many of his letters to private friends. In other instances, they were unintelligible as well as laconic, until circumstances afforded a clue to their meaning. Believing that a certain middle-aged lady of his acquaintance, who, in addition to superior talents and decided piety, had the attraction of a considerable fortune, would make a suitable wife to a minister for whom he entertained a warm friendship, he suggested to his reverend friend the propriety of having a matrimonial eye in that particular quarter; adding that he would write a letter to the lady, of which he could make him the bearer, and by that means give him an introduction to her. The other said, smilingly, not dreaming

that anything serious would be the result, that he would be happy to see the lady. Mr. Wilks then took up his pen, and wrote to the lady, what the other knew must be a very laconic epistle, though he had not the slightest conception of what were its contents. He proceeded to the residence of the lady—she had a house of her own—and delivered the letter. She had no sooner opened it, which she did in the minister's presence, than she coloured most deeply, and appeared quite overcome with confusion He was no less astonished and embarrassed, thinking there might be something ridiculous about himself in it. After the lapse of some quarter of a minute, the lady so far recovered her self-possession as to hand the letter to the Rev. Mr. A——, remarking, that she really had not the slightest idea of what Mr. Wilks meant by one portion of it, and begging him to throw some light on it, if it were not also beyond his comprehension. The minister, to his unspeakable surprise mingled with confusion, read as follows:—

"My dear Madam,—Allow me to introduce

to you my worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. A———.

'If you're a cat
You'll smell a rat!' *

"Yours truly,

"MATT. WILKS."

The reverend gentleman protested that the metrical part of the epistle was quite as much beyond the limits of his poor comprehension, as it was above the understanding of her to whom it was addressed. No matter; it answered the purpose of the writer. The parties, after giving up the poetical or rather, if there be such a word, the *doggrelical* part of the letter, as an insoluble enigma, very naturally made a transition to the eccentricities of Mr. Wilks, and afterwards from one topic of conversation to another, until they became pleased with each other's company. The lady at parting assured the reverend gentleman, that she would be most happy to have the pleasure of a visit from him at any time that suited his convenience; while

* The meaning was, that if the lady had sufficient shrewdness, she would see that the bearer would make a suitable husband.

he, on his part, declared that nothing could afford him greater pleasure than calling again at his first leisure hour. The "leisure hour" soon arrived. In the lapse of a few days he ventured to visit the lady without any letter from Mr. Wilks or from any body else; and in the lapse of a few months more, they were husband and wife.

I know of no work from the pen of Mr. Wilks which has appeared from the press. The late Rev. Mr. Sharp, as before stated, has published a small volume, under the title of "Remains of the Rev. Matthew Wilks," in which there are the skeletons of thirty or forty sermons which Mr. Wilks delivered to his people, from notes taken by one of his hearers; but they are too brief to afford any idea of his discourses when delivered at length.

Mr. Wilks occasionally wrote sacred hymns. In Mr. Sharp's "Remains" of the reverend gentleman, twenty of these are given. They discover no poetic taste, nor have they any thing else but their piety to recommend them, The following is one of the shortest; it is, perhaps,

also one of the best. It is founded on the sentence in Jeremiah, which says, "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."

"Deep are thy councils, mighty God,
Too deep for us to trace;
Most high and glorious is thy throne,
In justice, truth and grace.

"Thou dost not waver like ourselves,
Who are of mortal frame;
For ever thou dost live and reign,
Unchangeably the same.

"With stedfast confidence will we,
Unto thy throne apply;
For thou wilt not unfaithful be,
Or our requests deny."

Mr. Wilks's personal appearance was at all times commanding; in the latter years of his life, it was venerable. His countenance had a grave expression, but nothing of that harshness which any one unacquainted with him, would, from his words, have been led to regard as one of the attributes of his character. His face, though of the oval conformation, was full, and had fewer wrinkles than might be expected, in one who had attained the advanced age of seventy. He

had a double chin, which was more apparent from the circumstance of his not wearing a collar to his shirt. His brown wig contributed in some degree to make him look younger than he really was. His eyes were dark, and retained their lustre and quickness to the last. He had a high, well developed forehead, and looked altogether better than persons of his advanced age usually do. He died in 1829. The estimation in which he was held, was best shewn by the fact, that upwards of ten thousand persons accompanied his remains to the place of their interment in Bunhill Fields. Mr. John Wilks, so many years the member for Boston, is one of Mr. Matthew Wilks' sons.

The Rev. WILLIAM HOWELS, of Long Acre Episcopal Chapel, was a minister of the gospel whose memory will be cherished with the deepest affection by all who knew him, to the latest moment of their existence. Seldom has an instance occurred of an equally devoted attachment on the part of a congregation to their pastor, as that which Mr. Howels' people

cherished towards him. When he closed his earthly career, his hearers felt and sorrowed as if they had individually lost a near relative. He was not only a remarkably faithful minister of the gospel, but a singularly pious man, both in his closet and in all the relations of life. There were a spirituality in his sermons and a heavenly-mindedness in his private thoughts and public conversation, which are not often to be met with even among those most distinguished for their attainments in the divine life. Unable to restrain the holy breathings and aspirations of his soul, he was in the habit of so far transgressing the requirements of the Church, as to discard the set form of prayers which she has prescribed to be used before and after the sermon, and to substitute for them his own extemporaneous addresses to a throne of grace. His prayers in public were generally short, but they were pervaded by a spirit of fervent piety, and were, at the same time, unusually comprehensive. A little volume of Mr. Howels' prayers has been published, and has been largely circulated among pious people.

It is full of spiritual breathings: it abounds with devotional gems of inestimable value.

As a preacher, Mr. Howels had several very striking qualities about him. There was an earnestness in his manner which arrested the attention of his hearers, and made it in some measure impossible for even their thoughts to wander for many moments at a time, and which kept their eyes constantly fixed on him. I wish, in saying this, to be understood as speaking of Mr. Howels' usual manner. Like every other preacher of the gospel, but more especially those preachers who, like him, address their congregations extemporaneously, he had his moments of comparative languor and depression. These, however, were of but rare occurrence. When he did on any occasion feel himself deficient in his wonted earnestness; when, in other words, he felt his heart less cordially engaged in the work of preaching than usual, it pained his mind to a degree of which none but himself could form any conception. On one such occasion he actually brought his sermon to an abrupt con-

clusion, when not much more than half through it; not because he wanted matter or words, but because he did not feel himself at the time in a right frame of mind for preaching. His heart was not exercised as he could wish, neither did he think there was sufficient spirituality in his discourse. He mentioned this to his people before sitting down, adding that he thought it much better not to speak at all than to preach without a proper savour of godliness. In some of his more happy moments there were an unction in his matter, and a fervour and fluency in his manner, which looked like inspiration itself. I have met with some of those who were members in his church, who speak in terms approaching to rapture of the burning fervour and almost angelic spirituality, which characterised many of his addresses to his people. His style of preaching was searching and experimental. His great aim always was to reach the consciences of his hearers; and in this few ministers, it is believed, have been more successful. He was a rigid Calvinist; but he took

particular care never to lose sight of the doctrine of man's accountability.

Mr. Howels was not only deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility which attaches to those who undertake the arduous task of ministering in spiritual things, but he entertained a lively and habitual conviction of the dignity and authority of the clerical office. Hence he usually spoke as one who felt that he had a claim, on account of his Master and of the message which he was charged to deliver, to be heard and listened to. Any one could have read, from the expression of his countenance and the manner of his delivery, that he felt that his hearers were bound to yield him their attention, and that if they rejected the message he delivered, it would be at their peril. Strangers would have been in danger of attributing his appearance and manner, when these feelings were operating in his mind with their accustomed force, to a sort of haughtiness or sternness of disposition. Nothing could have been more wide of the

truth; for he was a man of great kindness of heart, and of very agreeable demeanour.

His matter was not only remarkable for the spirituality which pervaded it, but many of his ideas were exceedingly striking; occasionally they were even brilliant. He often gave utterance to things which possessed such point and beauty, as to render it impossible for those to whom they were addressed ever afterwards to forget them.

Let me give two or three detached sentences as specimens. "The Christian," says he, "has much more to contend with than Wellington had when he fought with the enemies of Europe's peace. The Christian has to fight against the world, the devil and the flesh. He must either contend with these enemies or yield to them. In the latter case he becomes a slave for life to the hardest of taskmasters, and, what is worse, eternity only adds to his torment. In the former case, though he be weaker than the worms which crawl around him, yet God, who is faithful, hath promised and assured him of victory, if he will but enter the conflict."

Again—"It will be the glory of Christ to be crowned with his church. He has a throne, a sceptre, and a crown in every particle of dust, and every created atom adds to his glory. To be crowned in his church is, however, his greatest glory: all other is eclipsed by this." Here is another passage—"There is one melting point I would wish continually to dwell upon, and may it break your hearts for ever; that is, the unspeakable love of God in the gift of his Son,—love which angels never knew, nor shall ever know; which none can know, except those who were born in the depths of iniquity, and were drawn as it were out of the fire, by that love. Let your hearts dwell on this love, and not on sin only. Dwelling always on sin will harden the heart; or, if you cannot but dwell on sin, dwell equally on the love of Christ; love sufficient for us all,—sufficient for a whole world if they would come to him. Nay, I would go farther, and say, that though all the stars and planets which revolve in yonder sky, were inhabited with sinners like ourselves, the love of Jesus would be more than

sufficient to pardon all their sins, and reconcile them all to God." Once more—"Infidels at the present day tell us there is no hell. Why, there is a hell on earth; faint emblem of the hell beyond the tomb. Wherever sin is, there is hell. Ask those who wear a smile on their faces: those worldlings who labour to exhibit a joyful countenance: ask them what is in their bosoms: ask them how many conflicts they endure every day. It costs them more trouble to go to hell, than it costs others to go to heaven. They purchase an abiding-place in hell for more than those who are snatched from its flames have ever to pay for the glories of heaven. In fact, *they purchase a hell hereafter by a hell here: they purchase a dwelling-place in hell, by the hell which dwells in their own bosoms.*"

Mr. Howels was blunt and straight-forward in his manners. He disdained to be bound by the conventional usages of society, either as a man or as a minister of the gospel. Some amusing and characteristic anecdotes arising out of this feeling have been communicated to me. He never married; and during a very

considerable portion of his life, he lodged with an old Welsh woman, — he himself was a Welshman,—on the first floor of a house in Water Lane, Fleet Street; a place which none but Mr. Howels, or such a man as he, would ever have dreamed of singling out as his home. With this old woman he regularly took his meals; both sitting down together in a little apartment, which answered the double purposes of a kitchen and sitting-room. Here he was often visited by some of the aristocracy who were partial to his preaching, and appreciated his private worth. On several occasions, Lord Roden and another nobleman, whose name at this moment escapes my recollection, anxious to have a lengthened conversation with him on religious subjects, without the interruptions which would have occurred, or the restraint that would necessarily have been imposed on them, had they invited him to either of their own houses,—visited him at his lodgings in Water Lane, and partook of his homely dinner. And on every such occasion, he insisted, to the great embarrassment of his antiquated Welsh land-

lady, that she should sit down at the table with the two noblemen; assigning to them as the reason why he wished her to be at the table when they or any body else dined with him, that she always took her dinner and every other meal with him, when he and she were by themselves. Eventually, Mr. Howels' landlady became so infirm, as well as aged, that she felt she could not attend upon him in the way she wished, and therefore she one day begged of him from a regard to his own comfort, to seek out other lodgings where some more active person might wait upon him. He would not listen to the suggestion; but expressed, and afterwards acted on it, his determination to continue the lodger of the old woman until either he or she should be removed by death.

A person who was present has mentioned to me another anecdote illustrative of the unsophisticated character of Mr. Howels' mind, and of his disregard of the conventional customs of society. Two or three years before his death, he was one day passing the bottom of Watling Street, when he saw a middle-aged man drag-

ging after him a heavily-laden truck. The poor man was so exhausted by the weight of the load, added to the distance he had dragged it, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could move the vehicle an inch. Sometimes, indeed, he stopped altogether from sheer physical inability to proceed. The difficulty of his task was, I should observe, further aggravated by his having to go along a street which had a marked acclivity in it. I ought also to mention, that the rain was descending at the time in a very heavy shower. Mr. Howels, after gazing for a few moments at the ineffectual efforts of the poor man to move on with his burden, ejaculated to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by the party to whom I am indebted for the anecdote.—"Oh, sin! thou art an evil and a bitter thing. Here is one of thy fruits—'Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.'" And so saying, he hastily advanced to the exhausted man, and, taking hold of the truck, pulled in conjunction with the other, with all his might and this too amidst torrents of rain, until the vehicle with its load, was

dragged to within a few yards of St. Paul's Church-yard, which was the place of its destination.

As a minister of the gospel, Mr. Howels equally disregarded conventional usages. He always spoke his mind in the plainest terms which the English language could supply, regardless alike of the smiles and frowns of those who heard him, or of other persons who might be interested in what he said. I shall only mention one instance of this, out of hundreds that might be given. A few years before his death, one of our present dignitaries of the church, who is now, as he then was, a thorough Socinian, was appointed to the bishopric which he still holds. The Sabbath after the appointment had become publicly known, Mr. Howels, at the close of the morning sermon, said, addressing his people, "My dear brethren, these are times in which it behoves every honest man, and especially every faithful minister of the gospel, to speak his mind. You have all heard the name of the individual who has been appointed to the vacant See of ——. My

friends," and here Mr. Howels spoke with an emphasis and warmth of feeling, of which no idea can be given on paper; "my friends, God has given us excellent Articles and a beautiful Liturgy, *but the Devil has got the appointment of our Bishops.*"

Mr. Howels' mind was almost constantly occupied with religious subjects. Even in the streets he often lost himself in a sort of reverie, while meditating on divine things. On repeated occasions he was so entirely absorbed with the ideas which were passing through his mind, as to become in some measure insensible to external objects. About four or five years before his death, he engaged to walk the length of Hampstead with a popular Dissenting minister who is still alive, to whom he was very strongly attached. They had scarcely set out on their journey when Mr. Howels fell into one of his reveries. For about three miles of the way, his friend could not get a single word of conversation with him; not even an answer to any question he put to him. At last the other left him entirely to his own meditations. When

they had proceeded about the distance I have mentioned, a dog, carrying a large walking-stick, chanced to cross the road. The little incident happened, though there was nothing particularly odd in it, to strike Mr. Howels' fancy. He clapped his hands, and laughing heartily, exclaimed,—"That's capital! that's capital! it beats every thing." He then broke off from his reverie, and entering into conversation with his friend, they proceeded very pleasantly together the rest of their journey.

Mr. Howels was remarkable for the unworldliness of his disposition. He cared not for money: all he sought to obtain by his preaching, of this world's goods, were the bare necessaries of life. His indifference to money was carried to excess. It caused him to neglect the financial affairs of the chapel, and eventually led to a party connected with it, making an improper use of a certain amount of funds. Had he exercised ordinary prudence in looking after the pecuniary affairs of his place of worship, he would have had more money at his disposal for religious and charitable purposes.

Though from the number, wealth, and great liberality of his congregation, he might have derived from his chapel little short of five hundred pounds a-year, I am certain I am within the mark, when I say that the annual income he received from it did not exceed one hundred and fifty pounds.

Mr. Howels preached for some years in the metropolis before he attracted much attention. He had been accustomed to preach in the Welsh language before his settlement in London, and consequently found it very difficult, for some time, to express his sentiments in English. His voice, too, was not in his favour; it was harsh and husky, and was greatly aggravated by a strong provincial accent and a bad enunciation. The latter was, in some measure, caused by a defect in his mouth. There were some letters which he could not sound at all. One of these was the letter "i," which he always converted to an "a." Hence such a word as eternity, was always pronounced by him eterna*t*y. It was only those, therefore, who were capable of perceiving the beauties of

his matter, thongh dressed up in so very unattractive a garb, that could sit with any pleasure under his ministrations. It may be truly said of him, that no one ever thought very highly of his preaching on hearing only one of his discourses; but that no pious person who perfectly understood the evangelical scheme, could hear him four or five times without being struck with his abilities as a minister of the gospel.

Mr. Howels was useful in many instances, some of which have been mentioned to me, in bringing the minds of ministers of the gospel back to the paths of truth, from which they had wandered. His own notions of the evangelical scheme were at all times remarkably clear, and he possessed a great aptitude in pointing out, and triumphantly refuting, the errors into which pious preachers of the gospel, with whom he was personally acquainted, had fallen. He occasionally referred to cases of this kind in his own quaint homely way. Speaking of one whom he conceived to have, for years, entertained erroneous views on one of the leading doctrines of the gospel, but who had been led,

partly through his instrumentality, to re-embrace his first opinions on the subject, Mr. Howels was sometimes known to say—"Ah! poor Jack has been a great wanderer in his time, but we have got him back at last to the right path." I know one minister, who is still alive, whose views underwent some change respecting the perfect co-equality of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and with whom Mr. Howels had many an anxious discussion in private on the subject, in the hope of bringing him back to the creed which he had abjured. Eventually the reverend gentleman to whom I allude was led to re-adopt his former sentiments respecting the Trinity, and became, and now is, one of the ablest and most zealous supporters of the very article of faith which for several years he laboured to destroy. What influence Mr. Howels may have had in bringing about the latter change, I am not in a condition to say. I may, however, take this opportunity of mentioning, that the doctrine which was questioned, or rather denied, namely, the entire and eternal equality of the three Persons in the

Trinity, was one to which he assigned a peculiar prominence in his public ministrations. But let me also remark, as the fact may prove a useful hint to other evangelical ministers who may have erred, or may be now erring in the matter, that Mr. Howels, while dwelling on the proper Deity of the Son and the personal agency of the Holy Ghost, delighted to expatiate on the doctrine of Christ's humanity He often said, and I think with much truth, that this doctrine is in a great measure kept in the back-ground by some of the most evangelical of our ministers; or that, at all events, it is not brought forward in that marked manner in which it ought to be. He dwelt on it with a sort of ecstacy, because he regarded it as one of the most blessed truths in the Bible, that Jesus, in virtue of his humanity, should entertain the most cordial sympathy for, and should have a perfect fellow-feeling with, his suffering people.

Mr. Howels was exceedingly attached to his congregation. It was with the greatest reluctance that he ever agreed to preach in any

other chapel than his own; and in very few cases was he ever prevailed on to do so. Neither could he be induced, except in very peculiar circumstances, to allow any other clergyman to occupy his pulpit. His people were ever uppermost in his thoughts; they were, in one sense, a part of his spiritual being. It can hardly be necessary to add, that his consequent influence over them was great. He was so well aware of this, that when he preached a sermon for any charitable purpose, instead of dwelling on the excellencies of the charity, or the claims it had on them as men and as Christians—a thing which he much disliked, as he conceived that pulpit discourses should almost, if not altogether, be exclusively confined to men's consciences in reference to their prospects for eternity—he would sometimes content himself with two or three sentences relative to the money part of the affair. These sentences were as ingenious as they were quaint and plainly spoken. "I have," he would say, "pledged my word to the secretary of the institution in favour of whose funds we are now about to make a collection, that

you would contribute the sum of sixty pounds:* do not make me a *liar*." I need not say that such an appeal, from such a man as William Howels, made to such a congregation as his, always proved as successful as if he had spent half an hour in urging on them the claims which the particular charity had on their support.

In connection with the homely, or rather harsh term, which I have given in italics, as having been employed by Mr. Howels on the occasions in question, I may mention, that he was in the habit of using other equally harsh epithets in reference to himself. Alluding to the treachery of his heart, or the operations of in-dwelling corruption, he would often say that he looked on "William Howels as the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth." He was thus as singular in his expressions as he was eccentric in his conduct.

In private conversation he appeared to great disadvantage, except when the subject was one

* Or it might be fifty pounds, or forty pounds, according to circumstances.

which happened at the time to press much on his mind. In that case he would display such conversational powers as to render it quite a treat to listen to him. On other occasions he could scarcely utter a word, and often looked and acted as if labouring under some slight temporary aberration of mind. On one occasion two gentlemen of great piety and large wealth, after hearing him for several successive Sabbaths, were so struck with the vigour, the brilliancy, and spirituality of his mind, as to regard him as the greatest man they had ever met with. They were consequently exceedingly anxious to meet with him in private, not doubting but they would enjoy an intellectual as well as religious treat, surpassing anything they had before experienced. Through the instrumentality of a mutual friend, they succeeded in getting him to agree to meet them at dinner. The day and the hour arrived, and Mr. Howels was punctual to his appointment. But imagine the surprise and disappointment of the two gentlemen, when they found that during the three hours they sat at table, Mr.

Howels could not be induced to make a single remark, but contented himself with a simple "aye" or "no," to any question put to him with the view of inducing him to take part in the conversation. Their surprise was heightened at the circumstance of his amusing himself for nearly two out of the three hours by throwing a round ruler up in the air, and catching it in its descent.

For many years before his death, Mr. Howels suffered much from illness. This assisted in giving a sort of sternness to the expression of his countenance. Latterly his face, which was of the angular form, lost all its colour, and became slightly shrivelled. His nose was of the aquiline shape, and rather prominent. His eye retained its lustre to the last, and indicated great intelligence. There was a partial baldness in the fore part of his head, while the hair that remained was short and of a greyish colour. He was above the average height, and of a rather slender make. He died in 1832, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Some years before his death, Mr. Howels

made his will. The preamble of the document, with a sight of which I have been favoured, is characteristic of the man. It is this:—"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three Persons but one God, I, William Howels, minister of Long Acre Episcopal chapel, in the county of Middlesex, being through infinite mercy in perfectly sound and disposing mind: knowing the certainty of death, and yet the uncertainty of the time I shall be called by it to my long-wished for home, do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following: that is to say, in the first place, in sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, I commit my body to the dust to be buried wherever my executor may deem proper; and knowing in whom I have believed, and being persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed unto him, in the fullest assurance of faith I commend my soul into the hands of the everlasting, altogether lovely, never-failing Jesus, in whose complete and everlasting righteousness I entirely depend for the justification of my

person, and acceptance of my poor performances at the day when he shall come in the glory of his holy angels, to judge both the quick and the dead."

The Rev. Mr. Melvill preached a funeral sermon in Long Acre Chapel, on the second Sunday after Mr. Howels' death. Speaking of Mr. Howels' intellectual energies, Mr. Melvill justly said, "He possessed a mind of uncommon power. While others were passing on slowly, step by step, he could leap at once to the conclusion. He brought out truth in such condensed and concentrated forms, that less powerful minds could not receive it till broke up and expanded. One of his paragraphs would have been another man's sermon. His ideas were great ideas, and when they struggled forth in their naked and unadorned grandeur, there was a nervousness in his speech, which vastly more than compensated the want of the beauties of a highly polished diction."

Mr. Howels published nothing, so far as I am aware; but several volumes of his sermons have appeared since his death, from notes taken

in short hand by some of his hearers. I believe the last volume of his sermons, which issued from the press, was one consisting of twenty discourses, published in 1835 or 1836, by Mr. Shaw, of Southampton Row.

The Rev. ROWLAND HILL, of Surrey Chapel, was for more than half a century one of the best-known ministers among the evangelical party, either in the Church, or belonging to any of the bodies of Dissenters. Nor was his fame, like that of so many other London preachers, confined to the metropolis. He was well-known and highly popular throughout the country. His reputation arose more from adventitious circumstances than from any popular qualities as a mere preacher. His being the son and brother of a baronet; his having practically left the Church and gone over to the Dissenters, while he still professed himself a member of the Establishment; the books, some of them so much out of the beaten track, both as regarded matter and manner, which he published,—but above all, the endless eccentri-

cities which characterised his conduct, whether in the pulpit or out of it, were circumstances which all combined to attract towards Mr. Hill an amount of attention which his mere talents would never have secured.

As a preacher, I never thought highly of the reverend gentleman. His matter, though generally sound and often brilliant, was in most cases crude and undigested. His temperament was of too ardent a nature, and his mind had too much of eccentricity in its constitution, to submit to be bound by what he considered the trammels of method. I believe he rarely knew when he ascended the pulpit what were to be the leading illustrations of his subject, which he should introduce in the course of the sermon. As for heads or divisions, his discourses were as often without these as with them. His text was in many instances lost sight of altogether, and he addressed his people on whatever topic happened to suggest itself to his mind. He never, I believe, preached a single sermon without introducing into it a greater or less number of oddities. These were sometimes

introduced in the way of illustration: at other times they had more the appearance of so many episodes. I am assured, though I cannot vouch for the fact, that on one occasion, observing his own wife come into the chapel after the sermon had commenced, he immediately attacked her, and ascribed the circumstance of her being so late to the fact of her having got a new bonnet and some other articles of dress on the previous evening; which she was anxious to display to the greatest advantage. It is certain that his oddities were so great, that nothing which can be ascribed to him can appear too ludicrous to be believed. So many of his eccentric sayings and doings have been before recorded that I forbear to relate many which have been communicated to me as original, lest they should, unknown to my informants, have previously found their way into print. I will, however, give ten or twelve anecdotes which I think may be depended on as being original.

His similes and illustrations in the course of his sermons, were often not only ludicrous in the highest degree, but they sometimes ap-

proached positive irreverence; though of course the fact never struck his mind. I remember having heard him on one occasion, more than fifteen years ago, preach in Zion Chapel, Commercial Road, to a most crowded audience. He chose as his text the well known passage in the twelfth chapter of the Romans, "Wherefore, I beseech you, brethren, that ye present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." In the course of his sermon, he took occasion to refer to the ingratitude so generally cherished by man to his Maker; when he went on to say, that even the canine creation ought to make men, aye, and even Christians, blush on this score. "For," he added, "every one of you knows that if you were only to give a dog a bone, the poor animal would testify his gratitude for the gift, worthless though it be, by afterwards putting his paws on your knees, shaking his tail, and looking you pleasingly in the face."

But the drollest illustration of Mr. Hill's, which has been communicated to me, was used by him when preaching about ten years ago,

in a village fifty or sixty miles distant from the metropolis. He had been pointing out the difference between the natural and renewed mind, as regards the observance of religious duties. The mere professor, he said, felt himself to be in an artificial and very uncomfortable state when engaged in the exercises of religion. The tendency of his mind was all the while towards the performance of actions that were sinful, and the moment he escaped from the restraints that circumstances imposed upon him, he would return to the world, and his wicked courses. "The mere professor," added Mr. Hill, "reminds me of a sow that I saw two hours ago luxuriating in her stye when almost over head and ears in the mire. Now, suppose any of you were to take Bess (the sow), and wash her; and suppose, after having dressed her in a silk gown, and put a smart cap on her head, you were to take her into any of your parlours, and were to set her down to tea in company, she might look very demure for a time, and might not even give a single grunt; but you would observe that she occasionally gave a sly

look towards the door; which showed that she felt herself in an uncomfortable position; and the moment she perceived that the door was open, she would give you another proof of the fact, by running out of the room as fast as she could. Follow the sow, with her silk gown and her fancy cap, and in a few seconds you will find that she has returned to her stye, and is again wallowing in the mire. Just so it is with the unrenewed man: sin is his element; and though he may be induced from a variety of motives, to put on at times a show of religion, you will easily perceive that he feels himself to be under unpleasant restraints, and that he will return again to his sins, whenever an opportunity of doing so, unknown to his acquaintances, presents itself to him."

Mr. Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him.

In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What's the matter there? The Devil seems to have got among you!" A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill, in reply, said, "No, Sir, it arnt the Devil as is a doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she's a very fat un, Sir, as don't seem likely to come to agin in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the *Devil's* too."

Mr. Hill was for a long time partial to hens, but his partiality for this species of poultry arose from his excessive fondness of eggs to his breakfast. Every one who has spent a winter in London, is aware of the difficulty of getting fresh eggs, at any price, in that season of the year. He felt this with peculiar force, and as breakfast without a couple of fresh eggs

would have been no breakfast to him, he sought to remedy the evil by keeping a number of hens himself. One Friday morning, the Rev. Dr. A——, a gentlemen who is still a popular preacher among the Dissenters, breakfasted with Mr. Hill. The latter pressed his guest to take an egg. His request was at once complied with.

"Take another, Dr. A——."

"I would rather not," remarked the latter.

"O come, don't say no—we've got plenty of them. Do you know that I have established an egg manufactory here?"

"An egg manufactory!" said the other, not exactly comprehending the import of the phrase.

"Ay, an egg manufactory. Don't you know what that is?"

The other answered in the negative.

"Why, a rookery to be sure."

"You don't mean that?" remarked Dr. A——, smiling at the idea.

"Ah, but I do, though. When you have finished breakfast, I'll take you down to see it."

Here I should observe that there was an open space between Mr. Hill's house and the chapel, which was the seat, if I may use the expression, of the rookery. While examining the poultry, which, as may well be conceived, were duly admired by Dr. A——, one of the hens was so much disconcerted by the inspection as to make a hurried exit from the rookery altogether. In the course of two hours afterwards the usual Friday morning service commenced, and just as Mr. Hill was in the middle of his sermon, the identical hen which had so unceremoniously quitted the rest of her feathered friends some time before, suddenly made her appearance on one of the seats in the centre of the chapel, and at once attracted all eyes towards her, by an alarmingly loud and long continued "Tuck, tuck, tuck — tuckey-e-tuck, tuck," accompanied with a violent flapping of her wings. The fact was, that the hen had made a nest for herself under one of the seats, and having laid her egg, gave, according to the usages of her species, due intimation of the fact in the way to which I have referred.

Some one attempted to turn the feathered intruder out; but not liking a forcible ejection, she took to her wings, and from the centre of the area of the chapel flew, by one effort, to the front seat in the gallery, directly opposite Mr. Hill. Perched on this conspicuous spot, she renewed her "Tuck, tuck, tuck—tuckey-e-tuck, tuck," with more than her previous vehemence. Indeed, so great was the noise she caused, that the preacher's voice was in a manner drowned by it. He bore the annoyance with great good temper for some time, when, seeing there was no appearance of her henship speedily concluding her cackle, and that no one was attempting to rid him and the congregation of the nuisance, he stopped in his discourse, and said with some sharpness, "Will no one put out that hen." This appeal was responded to by five or six persons rising at once to eject the hen. With a good deal of difficulty, and after very considerably disturbing the congregation, they succeeded in their object, and the services went on as usual; but from that time Mr. Hill, though retaining all

his partiality for eggs, lost all his partiality for hens, and never afterwards, so far as I have heard, spoke to any one about his poultry.

Mr. Hill was in the habit of meeting extravagant opinions with ridicule instead of argument. The story respecting the Antinomian gentleman, who called on him for the purpose of convincing him, if possible, that the moral law is not binding on Christians as a rule of life, and who was requested to quit Mr. Hill's house, his man-servant being particularly desired, in showing the Antinomian down stairs, to keep a close eye upon him, lest with his loose theory of morals he should pick up something by the way;—this story may be known to some of my readers, as it has before appeared in at least one publication. I think, however, that Mr. Hill, in his anxiety to ridicule extravagant hypotheses, though often happy, as in the case just mentioned, sometimes verged on irreverence. At the time the views of the late Mr. Irving respecting the immediate second advent of Christ, and his personal reign on earth, were so fondly cherished by a consider-

able number of individuals, many of them of decided piety, and otherwise evincing a sound judgment on religious matters, a lady, who was thoroughly inoculated with the millennial extravagancies, waited one morning on Mr. Hill, with whom she was personally acquainted, in the hope she might bring him over to her peculiar views. The reverend gentleman listened with great attention and patience to an exposition of the sentiments of the lady, and to the arguments by which she sought to support them.

"So, ma'am," said Mr. Hill, when his fair friend had concluded, "and you do believe that Christ will reign personally on earth?"

"I feel as much assured of it as I do of my own existence," was the answer.

"And you expect he is to visit the earth for the purpose of residing on it, immediately?"

"We are in daily expectation of his advent," replied the lady.

"And have you any idea as to what part of the world he will first make his appearance in?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"We naturally expect he will first visit London, this being the place in which most of his disciples are waiting for his second coming."

"Very good. Perhaps, ma'am, you would be kind enough to inform me in what particular street in the metropolis he will take up his residence; as in that case I would take a house beforehand in the same street, in order that I may have the happiness of being as near to him as possible. There will be a great demand for houses in his immediate neighbourhood."

The lady was confounded: she uttered not another word. Still I cannot help thinking that the ridicule made use of by the reverend gentleman exceeded the bounds of propriety.

Mr. Hill was often the creature of impulse. An idea struck his mind, and that moment, if practicable, it was carried into effect. On one occasion he and a distinguished metropolitan minister, now preaching in the city, were travelling together, and on coming through a small village, Mr. Hill said to him, "John, I'll preach here." His friend endeavoured to

dissuade him from his purpose, by urging that in the first instance they were limited as to time, having to get back to London by a certain hour to fulfil their official engagements there, and in the second, that as it was not a Sabbath-day, and they were not expected to be in the place, he could not get a congregation to preach to. "We'll manage the first, and no fear of the last," observed Rowland Hill. "I'll have a good congregation before two hours have passed." He accordingly forthwith got the consent of the minister of the only Dissenting chapel in the place, to preach in the chapel, and then he sent round the bell-man with a notice that Mr. Hill, from London, was to preach. The name of Rowland Hill was enough. The chapel was filled in every part within a few minutes of the doors being opened. Mr. Hill ascended the pulpit, gave out a hymn, read a portion of the scriptures, prayed for some minutes, and having announced his text, proceeded with his sermon with great ease to himself and gratification to his audience, for about half-an-hour. Then he

suddenly paused, and seemed for some seconds to be lost in deep reflection. At last he exclaimed, without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, looking at his reverend friend who sat in the seat immediately below the pulpit,—"I say, John, all my ideas have disappeared; you must come up and finish the sermon." Mr. ———, fearing that if he did not comply with Mr. Hill's request, he would make a still more eccentric exhibition before the congregation, at once responded to his call, ascended the pulpit, and being accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, took up the subject where Mr. Hill had left it, and made a very respectable "finish" of the sermon.

This anecdote reminds me of another which has not been published, respecting Mr. Hill's preaching in the provinces. Passing through a small town principally occupied by journeymen mechanics and apprentices, he intimated to the Dissenting minister of the place, his intention of preaching in his chapel in the course of an hour. The minister at once ex-

pressed his readiness to give Mr. Hill his chapel, but said he would have to preach to empty pews, as there was not only no time to give the villagers sufficient notice, but they could not, at the particular hour proposed, conveniently leave their employment, even though they were all duly apprised that he intended to preach. "Ah, we'll take the chance of that," said Mr. Hill. He accordingly sent the bell-man round the place, with an intimation that Mr. Rowland Hill, from London, was to preach at the Dissenting Meeting-house, at a particular hour, and that before leaving the pulpit, he would make a pair of shoes before the whole congregation. The droll intimation had the desired effect. Curiosity to see the shoes made in the pulpit, overcame all considerations of commerce and profit. The place was crowded. At the end of the service he said, "Now, my friends, I promised to make a pair of shoes before leaving the pulpit. It now becomes my duty to redeem my promise." And so saying, he bowed down, and taking in his hand a pair

of boots which he had brought with him for the purpose, he exhibited them to the congregation, saying, "You all see that this is a pair of boots." There was no audible reply, but every countenance seemed to answer in the affirmative. "Well, then," resumed Rowland Hill, pulling a pen-knife out of his pocket; and first cutting off the leg of the one and then of the other, about two inches above the soles, he exhibited his quondam boots to the gaze of the astonished congregation, exclaiming; "There, you see, I have my pair of shoes already!"

His odd ways of appealing to the pockets of people, when preaching charity discourses, are proverbial. Among Mr. Hill's last charity sermons was one which he preached, about two years before his death, in Dr. Collyer's chapel at Peckham; and on that occasion he continued for about twenty-five minutes in a strain of the deepest solemnity, and without giving utterance to a single expression which could call the risible faculties of his hearers into play; but, at the end of that time, he suddenly broke

out into his usual humorous manner, and continued for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, to give utterance to a rapid succession of the most brilliant drolleries. When he concluded his discourse, he remarked, in tones of the deepest solemnity, that he had entered Dr. Collyer's pulpit that day with a firm resolution that he should "behave himself," and not say anything which should excite a smile; but he found that he was not able to adhere to his determination. After apologizing for what he called his want of good behaviour, he said he had just one word to say on the subject of the collection. "I am," he observed, "now far advanced in life.* This may be my last sermon; in the course of things, I cannot preach much longer. As therefore it is probable I will never again appeal to your pockets, I hope the collection will be a liberal one. Do not, I beseech you, turn your heads the other way when you are passing the plates at the door: it will be very *shabby* of you, if you do." The mingled pathos and oddity of the appeal had the

* He was then in his eighty-fifth year.

desired effect. The collection was a very liberal one. When Mr. Hill entered the vestry after the service was over, he recurred to the ludicrous things he had said in the pulpit, and remarked, that he had over and over again formed a resolution to abstain in future from the use of expressions which were calculated to create a laugh; "but," he added, "I find it's of no use. Though my very life depended upon it, I could not help myself." I mention this, partly because the latter remarks prove beyond all doubt, that Mr. Hill's eccentricities in the pulpit were not affected, but were quite natural to him.

In justice to the memory of so excellent a man as the Rev. Rowland Hill, let me here observe, that he never introduced any of his ludicrous illustrations with the view of exciting laughter amongst his audience. His was no spirit of levity. He felt the deepest reverence for everything sacred, as well as for the Being himself whom he served in the gospel. He was, I have reason to believe, often utterly unconscious that he was making use of any

thing ludicrous, until the smile he saw playing on the faces of his audience admonished him of the fact. If I am not greatly mistaken, those who knew him most intimately were not only the most forward to acquit him of all intention of saying anything in the pulpit which could cause a smile, but invariably bore testimony to the fact, that nothing was the source of greater grief to him, than to find that he had, in the course of his sermon, made use of any expressions which could have in the slightest degree disturbed the seriousness of mind and gravity of countenance, which so peculiarly become the house of God. I have been assured by one who heard him for years, that on one occasion two of his deacons called at his house for the purpose of apprizing him of the oddity of some of his remarks and illustrations, and mildly remonstrating with him on the impropriety of introducing anything into his discourses which was calculated to excite a smile. On proceeding up stairs to the door of his study, they heard the sound of his voice as if engaged in prayer. They paused and listened for a few

moments, when they had the happiness to hear him most bitterly lamenting before God, on his bended knees, the very habit of saying ludicrous things in the pulpit, for which they had come gently to rebuke him.

The *seeming* levity of spirit which Mr. Hill displayed in his remarks and illustrations, was equally conspicuous in his demeanour in the pulpit. While the congregation were engaged in singing the hymn, or part of the hymn given out immediately before the commencement of his sermon, his eye constantly wandered from one part of the chapel to the other. You would have fancied that that there was not a person present whose face he had not carefully inspected. This, I presume, must have been a habit of Mr. Hill's, without his being conscious of it himself.

He had the same eccentricities in private that he so largely displayed in public. The most laughable instance of his domestic oddities which has come to my knowledge is one which I shall presently relate. But before doing so, let me premise, that I once

saw a version of the same anecdote in a newspaper, though it was one which by no means could afford the reader any adequate idea of the thing itself. In the manner of relating it, therefore, the anecdote will be new. The late Rev. William Huntington, for so many years the celebrated apostle of Antinomianism, and who invariably appended to his name the letters "S. S." to indicate, not that he was a member of any society, or that the letters implied some personal honour, but that he was a *sinner saved*,—this Mr. Huntington had a decided aversion to all the evangelical ministers in London who did not go to his extreme length in what are called high doctrines. Towards Mr. Rowland Hill, his aversion was so strong as to amount to an antipathy which he could not repress or conceal. It may be that the reason of Mr. Huntington's unconquerable enmity to Mr. Hill was, that the latter was at the time one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of the London Dissenting ministers, and that consequently the other may have viewed him as a rival; or

it may be, that he smarted under the castigations which the minister of Surrey Chapel was in the practice of giving both himself and his creed.

Be the thing as it may, Mr. Rowland Hill was so inveterately disliked by the Antinomian preacher, that the latter, not satisfied with giving vent to his feelings on the subject from the pulpit, took occasion to make one of the most scurrilous attacks in one of his books, on the character and doctrines of Mr. Hill, that ever emanated from the press. The latter reverend gentleman read the abuse heaped upon him so unsparingly, without exhibiting any symptom of irritation. At last he tossed the volume down among the ashes below the grate, and rang the bell with a violence unheard of before in the house. The servant hurried up stairs with a celerity she had not manifested on any previous occasion, imagining that some accident or other had befallen her master. The same apprehension seized Mrs. Hill and the other persons in the house at the time, who heard the peals of the bell. It is unnecessary

to say, that the steps of the inmates were all directed towards the reverend gentleman's apartment. The servant who made her appearance first, was the only party he addressed on the occasion. "Have you got a fire in the kitchen, Sally?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Yes, Sir, a very good one," answered the latter, in tremulous accents, caused by the fright she had received.

"Well, then, take up that book," pointing to the volume by his coarse calumniator, lying beneath the grate: "take up that book, carry it down stairs, and throw it into the kitchen fire, and see that the last atom of it be consumed."

The servant was so confounded at the oddity of the command, that she hesitated a few seconds, looking all the while in amazement at the face of her master, before obeying it.

"Don't you hear me, Sally?"

"Yes, Sir," lisped out the other.

"Then why don't you at once do as you are bid?"

The servant stooped down, and was in the act of reaching her hand towards the book,

when Mr. Hill seizing her arm and forcing back her hand, said with his own peculiar voice and manner, "Stay, stay, Sally, you must not touch it with your hands; it would pollute you if you did."

The servant was still more amazed than before.

"Take the tongs to it, Sally," resumed Mr. Hill. "Carry it down stairs in the tongs, and then throw it into the kitchen fire."

The servant did as she was desired: Huntington's abuse of Rowland Hill and his Antinomian theology, were unceremoniously consigned to the fire; and beautiful and brilliant though transitory, was the conflagration which the volume made.

I will mention one more very characteristic anecdote of Mr. Hill, which was lately mentioned to me, and which is among those that have not appeared in print. Some time before his death he chanced to meet a number of ministers in the house of a friend in the country. Dr. Williams' work on the introduction of

moral evil into the world, having become the subject of conversation, one of the party touched with some animation and brilliancy on the kindred topic of the freedom of the will. His observations were either answered, or attempted to be answered; and eventually all present, with the exception of Mr. Hill, were over head and ears in the abstrusest metaphysics. There was, however, this difference between the disputants and the angels of Milton, that while the latter "found themselves in wandering mazes lost," each individual of the former, however unintelligible to the rest of the company, was either quite clear to himself or fancied himself to be so. I doubt not my readers will be prepared for the announcement, that the controversy ended just as it had begun, without any one bringing over his neighbour to his views, but all individually assured that their theory was the right one. Mr. Hill had all the while been alternately reading a book and looking out at a window which commanded a rather pleasant prospect. When the party had finished their discussion, one of them remarked

to Mr. Hill, that he had not expressed his opinion on the point in dispute. The remark was echoed and re-echoed by nearly all present, when at last one of them, who was a great stickler for the freedom of the will, asked him point blank his opinion on the subject. "Mr. R——," said Mr. Hill, turning himself to the gentleman in whose house the party were, "Mr. R——, I have been amused with a pig of yours which was running about on the green-sward below the window, while you were all immersed in metaphysics. Does your pig shave?"

Every one present looked at the other in utter amazement at the oddity of the question. Mr. R—— replied with a sort of a smile, "Shave, Mr. Hill! who ever heard of a pig shaving?"

"Then your pig does *not* shave, does she?" interrogated the eccentric old gentleman.

"No—certainly not," replied the other.

"And *why* does she not shave?" was Mr. Hill's next question.

This was confusion worse confounded. Mr.

R—— knew not what answer to return to the query, and accordingly hesitated as if thinking what he ought to say.

"Ah! you can't answer my question, I perceive," observed Mr. Hill.

The continued silence of Mr. R——, as well as that of the company, was a virtual admission that the interrogatory was a poser.

"Then," said Mr. Hill, after a moment's pause, still addressing himself to Mr. R——, "then I must answer it myself. Your pig does not sit up on her hind legs and shave like animals of the biped class, simply because she has not the *will*."

It were impossible to describe the effect which this happy piece of ridicule of those who can dogmatize with so much self-complacency on matters which are utterly beyond their comprehension, had on all present. Every one felt more mortified than another, and each came to a resolution in his own mind, that if he ever again engaged in a dispute respecting the freedom of the will, it would not be in the presence of Rowland Hill.

Though a man of surpassing goodness of heart, and exceedingly kind to the poor, he often said and did things which had all the appearance of great harshness. I know one instance in which a respectable, though not a generally known minister in London, contemplated the publication of a volume of sermons; and being personally acquainted with Mr. Hill, and anxious to ascertain his opinion of the merits of the discourses, he sent the manuscript to him with that view. The latter had no sooner opened the package containing the manuscript sermons, than he closed it again, and returned it to the writer with the following brief but insulting note:—"Sir,—I return you your sermons. Do you think I have nothing else to do than to read your trash?"

The reverend gentleman was very aristocratic in many of his notions. He was no less so on many occasions, in his manners. A friend of mine belonging to one of the learned professions, mentions that he was sometimes received with great formality by Mr. Hill, when he had occasion to call at his house. He adds,

that every word Mr. Hill spoke, and every movement he made on these occasions, must have convinced the most superficial observer that his notions were quite aristocratic. His deportment was at all times, when mixing in good society, that of the perfect gentleman. To the female sex he was particularly polite. I could mention some marked instances of this kind which occurred within a few weeks of his death.

Mr. Rowland Hill's acts of charity and benevolence were great and manifold. For his kindness of heart towards his suffering brethren of mankind, he was indeed proverbial among all who knew him. Even in many of his charitable deeds, the eccentricity of his mind often shewed itself in a remarkable manner.

I shall only mention one instance of this, out of many which have been communicated to me by those who were on habits of familiar intercourse with him. A pious woman, a member in Surrey Chapel, was married to a husband, who, though very kind to her and in many respects a moral man, had no sense

whatever of religion; but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter-day. The consequence was that a distraint on their furniture was put into their house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, to "take possession." After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself, for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife, of submitting the whole circumstances of the case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of tremor, made a short and simple representation of the state of matters.

"How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Eighteen pounds, Sir, would be quite suffi-

cient for the purpose," answered the poor woman, with a palpitating heart.

"I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience."

The heart of the other was too full to give utterance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness on the part of her minister. He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterised her attempt to express her gratitude, afforded a far better proof of that feeling being at once deep and sincere, than if she had been most affluent in words and most fluent in the use of them.

"Send your husband to me on your return home," said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned thanks in the best way her feelings would allow her; "Send him to me presently, and I will have two ten pound notes waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you."

Mrs. D—— quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but with a still

lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter received him with much kindness of manner.

"And so," said he, "you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession."*

"We unfortunately have, Sir."

"And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him, and restore your furniture to you?"

"It will, Sir."

"Well, then," said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, "there are two ten pound notes for you, which you can repay me when you are able. Take them."

The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes, and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done

* A term which implies that the goods of a party have been seized, and a person put into the house to see that none of them be removed by the individual to whom they belong.

him, and expressing a hope he would soon be able to pay the amount back again,—when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, "Stop a little! Just lay the notes down again until I ask a blessing on them."

The other did as he was desired, on which the reverend gentleman, extending both his arms, addressed a short prayer to the Divine Being to this effect.—"O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before Thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ's sake."

"Now Sir," said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to the throne of grace, "now, Sir, you may take the money."

The party a second time took up the two ten-pound notes, and was in the act as before of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed, by requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing.

It may be easily supposed that by this time

the individual was a good deal confused. His confusion was increased a hundred fold when Mr. Hill remarked, "But my friend, you have not yourself asked for a blessing on the money. You had better do it now."

"Sir," faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, "Sir, I cannot pray. I never prayed in all my life."

"You have the more need to begin now," observed the reverend gentleman, in his own cool yet rebuking manner.

"I cannot Sir; I do not know what to say."

"Make the effort, however short your prayer may be."

"I cannot, Sir; I am unable to utter a single sentence."

"Then you cannot have the money. I will not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless person."

The other hesitated for a moment, and then closing his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness, "O Lord, what shall I say to Thee and to Mr. Hill on this occasion?" He was about to begin another sentence, when the reverend gentleman interrupted him,

by observing, "That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer. It is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money, and may God's blessing be given along with it." As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the two ten-pound notes and transferring them to the half bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand, and wished him good morning.

It only remains for me to mention, that not only did the two, husband and wife, thus so providentially and under such singular circumstances relieved from a pressure which threatened to ruin them in a business point of view, become ever afterwards prosperous in secular matters, but the incident in Rowland Hill's house made so deep an impression on the husband's mind, as to end in his conversion to God.

I will only mention two other facts illustrative of Mr. Hill's extremely charitable disposition. On one occasion, a poor person having called at his house to solicit assistance, and Mr. Hill having

no money about him at the time, he went to the cupboard, and emptying it of its tea, sugar, bread, &c., handed the whole to the applicant. On another occasion, when visiting some poor family that dragged out a wretched existence in a miserable hovel in the neighbourhood of his chapel, he was so affected at the extreme destitution he witnessed, that he actually divested himself of a certain portion of the apparel he wore at the time, and gave it to the mother of the family.

Mr. Hill was not a suspicious man; but if any information reached him respecting alleged improprieties of conduct on the part of members of his church who made a great profession of religion, and which information he had some grounds for believing to be correct, he made a point of satisfying his mind thoroughly on the subject; no matter how great might be the amount of inconvenience to himself. About twenty years ago he had reason to believe that one of the most prominent and influential members of his church went occasionally to the theatre; but still he had no proof on the sub-

ject. At length it was anonymously communicated to him, that the gentleman in question was to be in Drury Lane theatre on a given night, and that he had engaged a particular box for himself and some of his friends. Mr. Hill now determined to set his mind entirely at rest as to the truth or falsehood of the reports which had been in circulation respecting alleged visits of the individual in question to the theatres; and with this view resolved on going himself to Drury Lane on the night referred to. He entered the pit soon after the close of the first act, and, forcing his way to the place immediately before the box in which it was stated his member would be found, looked eagerly into the box, and there he recognised at once the individual in question. By this time the curtain had risen, and the sound of the actors' voices was resounding through the house; but not paying the least attention to them, and thinking of nothing but the purpose for which he had come there, he thus apostrophised the offending party, in tones as loud as if he had been in

the pulpit of Surrey Chapel—"Ah! Mr. ——, I have had some reason for thinking for some time past, that the devil had got hold of you: now I'm quite sure of it." And so saying, he at once quitted the place.

A friend of my own, who was present on the occasion in his professional capacity as a writer of theatrical critiques for a morning journal, says that the universal impression in the house, except among the few to whom he was known, was that Mr. Hill was some gentleman labouring under insanity.

On the following morning he called on his hearer, and abruptly accosted him as follows:—"So, Mr. ——, you are in the habit I find of patronising the theatres. You and I met there last night."

"I *was* there last night, Mr. Hill; but I'm not in the way of going often. When a *very* good comedy or a *very* good tragedy is acting, I do now and then go to witness its representation. And as I am in the habit of attending to all the duties of religion, not only in the sanctuary, but in my own family and in my

own closet, I do not see what harm there can be in occasionally witnessing the performance of a good play. Do you mean to say, Mr. Hill, that there *is* any harm in it?"

"It is just, Sir," replied Mr. Hill, "the same as if you were to live for six days in the week on roast beef, plum-pudding, and every thing else that is pleasant to the taste and nourishing to the body, and then were on the seventh to load your stomach with the filthiest food that is to be found."

The other had not a word to say.

Immediately after his secession from the church, Mr. Hill became a great advocate for open-air preaching. And the precepts he inculcated on other ministers on this point, he reduced to practice. He often did so at great personal inconvenience, and sometimes with no inconsiderable danger to himself. Those who know any thing of the history of the lower classes of England about sixty or seventy years ago, will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Hill's relatives and friends were often apprehensive when he was preaching in the open air, that some serious commotion, if not positive

breach of the peace would ensue; and that they consequently did every thing in their power to prevail on him to relinquish the practice. Their arguments, entreaties, and solicitations, were, however, altogether lost upon him. He persisted in his determination to preach the gospel in the open air with as much frequency as circumstances would permit. In connection with Mr. Hill's earlier open-air preaching, Mr. Sherman, his successor in the pulpit of Surrey Chapel, related a deeply interesting anecdote, about two or three months ago, in the hearing of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for it. Having publicly announced that he was to preach at a particular hour on a particular day in one of the most public places in Bristol, his brother, Sir Richard Hill, who was a man of decided piety, felt peculiarly alarmed lest some disturbance should be created by the crowd, and Mr. Hill himself be a sufferer, as well as others. The worthy baronet and his friends tried every method they could think of, with the view of inducing Mr. Hill to abandon his intention of preaching on that particular occa-

sion. In the individual case, however, they were not more successful than when attempting to induce him to give up the practice altogether. At the time, Mr. Hill owed his brother some money; and the latter as the only means of preventing his preaching on the occasion in question, procured a warrant and an officer to arrest him for the debt. Sir Richard resolved on carrying the writ of arrest into effect the moment Mr. Hill appeared on the ground; but owing to some accidental delay, the reverend gentleman had begun his sermon before Sir Richard and the officer arrived. They had scarcely got among the crowd, when the functionary of the law, in the plenitude of his zeal to execute the warrant which he had in his possession, proposed seizing Mr. Hill at once. Sir Richard, however, being deeply impressed with the first sentence he heard from the preacher, said they would wait a little. Mr. Hill immediately recognised his brother among the crowd, and conjecturing that it was for no good he was there, he looked him eagerly and solemnly in the face, while delivering some

of the most impressive things which ever fell from preacher's lips. The result was, that Sir Richard's mind was so affected with what he had heard, that all idea of taking the preacher into custody was abandoned. Before the conclusion of the sermon, Sir Richard's feelings quite overcame him; and Rowland observed a tear in his eye as he stood among the assembled thousands; all of whom, I should observe, were as orderly and silent as any assemblage of men could possibly be. Mr. Hill had no sooner finished his sermon, than he said—"My friends and brethren, Sir Richard Hill will address you from this place to-morrow evening at half-past six o'clock." Sir Richard did so; and such was the impression which Rowland's sermon made on his mind, that he proved ever afterwards not only one of the greatest advocates for open-air preaching that ever lived, but often practised it himself.

Mr. Hill rarely missed an opportunity of condemning the practice of writing sermons and committing them to memory. He not only himself, on all occasions, preached extem-

poraneously, but advised others to do the same. In connection with his decided dislike to preaching written sermons, a very characteristic anecdote has been told me by a living Dissenting minister of great eminence, who was present on the occasion. A young man, who had just quitted a Dissenting theological academy which shall be mentioned presently, and had begun preaching, was anxious to be introduced to Mr. Hill. The reverend gentleman to whom I refer, undertook to gratify his wishes; and the parties were accordingly brought together.

"And so, young gentleman," said Rowland Hill, after the usual nod and 'how do you' had been exchanged between them,—"And so, young gentleman, you have just come out as a minister of the gospel."

The youthful preacher, who was a demure-looking person at any time, but who, disconcerted by being in the presence of Mr. Hill, looked doubly so on this occasion, answered in the affirmative.

"One of Dr. Bogue's men, I suppose?"

The young preacher again answered in the affirmative.

"Come from his manufactory of preachers, eh?" continued Mr. Hill.

The other looked more and more confounded owing to the oddity of Mr. Hill's phraseology, but contrived to stammer out a "Yes, Sir."

"Ah, they are bad things, these academies; don't like the way in which young men are metamorphosed into ministers at these places. They don't make the right sort of preachers."

The young man was silent: he knew not what to say.

"And I dare say you write your sermons?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Ah, it's a bad practice, that, young man: it ought not to be followed. And I suppose," continued Mr. Hill, "you then commit them to memory?"

An affirmative answer was returned to the interrogatory.

"And then you preach them from memory?"

"Yes, Mr. Hill."

"It's a very bad custom, young gentleman: it's the worst thing you could do. Why don't you have more confidence in the gospel?

The gospel is an excellent milk-cow, which always gives plenty of milk, and of the best quality. I never write my sermons. I always trust to the gospel. I first pull at justification, then give a plug at adoption, and afterwards a tit at sanctification, and so on until I have, in one way or other, filled my pail with gospel milk; and if you will only do the same, young man, depend upon it you will make a far better minister than you will ever do by writing your sermons and preaching from memory."

I have before said, that his usual mode of preaching was rambling and digressive. In justice to him, let me however say, that, singular as it may appear, he became much more methodical in his sermons during the last few years of his life. A Dissenting minister who was one of his most intimate friends, and who never missed an opportunity of hearing him when he preached his week-day sermons, assures me that some of his later discourses were characterised by a strictness of arrangement which must have surprised those who had only heard him some years before. He also men-

tions, that there was a spirituality in the matter of Mr. Hill's later sermons, and a solemnity of tone and manner in their delivery, which could not fail to strike all who heard them. This may be accounted for from the fact which Mr. Hill himself mentioned to the reverend gentleman to whom I am indebted for the information, namely, that during the last three or four years of his life, he preached every sermon under the impression that it might be his last.

On some of these occasions, I should further remark, Mr. Hill repeatedly showed that his mind was singularly clear in distinguishing between nice points in theological controversy, and that he possessed a fertile fancy and the power of expressing himself in the language of true poetry.

Were it not that I have already exceeded the space to which I proposed to limit myself in this sketch of the reverend gentleman, I would illustrate this by some notes of his discourses, taken in short-hand by a distinguished living divine.

Mr. Hill had always a very strong aversion

to Socinianism. A few months before his death he was in the company of two or three private Christians, not ministers, when the subject of Socinianism chanced to be introduced into conversation.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Hill, when beginning to take part in the conversation,—"I'll tell you what I consider a Socinian to be like. He reminds me of a jackass eating thistles."

"In what way, Mr. Hill?" asked one.

"In what respect?" inquired a second.

"Why, in this way, or in this respect, that the jackass spits out whatever part of the thistle it does not like, and the Socinian spits out whatever portion of the word of God is not pleasant to his spiritual palate."

Mr. Hill deeply felt interested to the last in the success of evangelical ministers in the communion of the church, with whom he was personally acquainted. About seven weeks before his death he inquired of a ministerial friend, how a particular clergyman was "getting on." The answer was, that the party could not give any specific information on the subject, beyond the

fact, that the clergyman was preaching to crowded congregations.

"I hear," added Mr. Hill's friend, "that he was last Sabbath preaching up the materiality of heaven as the place of residence of the glorified saints."

Mr. Hill heaved a slight sigh and most touchingly remarked,—"Well, it is enough for me, when I hear of good men bewildering themselves with such speculations about the nature of heaven, *to know, that when I am done with this world, I shall be where Jesus is, and shall not only see him, but be made like unto him.*"

What an amount of sound divinity in one short sentence!

To the circumstances connected with Rowland Hill's death, I shall not allude, as these were made sufficiently public soon after that event. But I may mention, that a medical friend of mine, who heard him preach his last sermon but one, has informed me that in the course of that sermon, he alluded to the lengthened time he had been a preacher of the gospel; and referring towards the close of the discourse

to the circumstance of his having preached upwards of an hour, he said, with his characteristic drollery, "Is not this very well for an old boy like me?"

He died in about a fortnight afterwards, namely, on the 11th of April, 1833, in the eighty-eighth year of his age and the sixth-sixth of his ministry.

I do not remember to have seen Mr. Hill out of the pulpit, and every body knows that mistakes are often made as to the size of ministers when only seen there, especially when wearing a gown as Mr. Hill always did. He appeared to me to be rather tall, and of considerable circumference. Age, as will be easily believed, had in the latter part of his life, given to him a slightly decrepid appearance. Yet he seemed to enjoy excellent health and a great flow of animal spirits, considering his advanced years, to the last. His hair was white, and his complexion wonderfully fresh. He must in early life have had a handsome face. His eye was quick, clear, and penetrating, even after fourscore years had passed over his head. His

appearance was venerable in no ordinary degree. I need not say,—for every one is aware of the fact,—that he was regarded by his congregation with an affection amounting to idolatry.

The Rev. Edward Irving, of Newman Street Chapel, is the only other among the lately deceased metropolitan ministers of the gospel, whom I shall notice. He was, while he continued in connection with the Church of Scotland, or rather I should say, before he adopted those extravagant notions with which he latterly identified himself, decidedly the most popular preacher in London. More, perhaps, has been written about Edward Irving than about any other of his pulpit contemporaries, and yet much remains to be written before his character can be properly understood. Though having had the happiness of knowing Mr. Irving personally, my knowledge of him was not sufficiently intimate to enable me to speak with confidence of all the constituent elements of his character. Still, I knew enough of him, or have had enough of facts

and anecdotes respecting him, communicated to me by those who were his most intimate friends, to feel quite satisfied in my own mind, that seldom have a greater amount of unfeigned piety and a larger measure of intellectual power, been blended together in one individual.

But the limited space to which, from the plan of this work, I must necessarily confine myself, precludes the possibility of my adverting at length, in the shape of formal discussion, to the character of Mr. Irving. I must content myself with relating some anecdotes of him, illustrative of his character, which have not before appeared in print, and mentioning a few facts not hitherto stated, which will contribute to the same end.

' He always felt the most entire assurance, even when an obscure country schoolmaster, that he would one day rise to distinction and importance in the world; and when appointed assistant to Dr. Chalmers, then minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, he thought his convictions would be forthwith realized. The

result, however, was not as he expected. He was regarded by the people of Glasgow, during the three years he laboured in the work of the ministry among them, as a passable preacher, but no more. The truth was, that the circumstance of preaching from the same pulpit, and to the same people, and what is more, on the same days as Dr. Chalmers, must necessarily have prevented his talents being duly appreciated. Dr. Chalmers was then, as now, regarded as the prince of preachers, and the people among whom he statedly laboured, were so excessively partial to his ministrations, that they could scarcely recognize merit of any kind in any one else. But for this prejudice against every other minister, as compared with Dr. Chalmers, I am sure that a people so proverbial for their shrewdness as the inhabitants of Glasgow, could not have failed to discern and duly appreciate the talents of Mr. Irving.

But though the reverend gentleman quitted Glasgow, and came to London without the slightest reputation as a preacher, he still felt in all its force the conviction before referred

to, that he was destined, through his own talents, one day to achieve no ordinary eminence as a minister of the gospel. A friend of mine, himself one of the most popular preachers in the metropolis, has mentioned to me a fact which is strikingly corroborative of this. The reverend gentleman to whom I allude, having accidentally met with Mr. Irving in company, very soon after he came to London and before his name had appeared in any of the public journals, chanced to remark to him, that coming as he did to the metropolis, under such high auspices as those of Dr. Chalmers, there was every reason to hope he would succeed in his capacity of a minister of the gospel. "Sir," said Mr. Irving, somewhat bridling up as if his vanity had been touched,—"Sir, I do not come here under the auspices of any man; I came here relying entirely upon my own resources." The event showed, as every one is aware, that the reverend gentleman's reliance was not misplaced.

I think there can be no question that Mr. Irving was inordinately fond of popularity;

and I believe there can be no doubt that it was to attract attention, that, at a public meeting of the London Missionary Society, he drew out, in the presence of thousands of persons, his gold watch, and handing it to the secretary of the institution, as a contribution to its funds, said, "Silver and gold I have none; but what I have I give thee." But while thus so ardently panting after distinction, it is a fact which cannot be too much dwelt on to his praise, that when he had reached the very summit of his reputation, so far from his head becoming dizzy or his heart haughty with his unprecedented popularity, he continued the same calm, humble, unsophisticated man he was before. At the very time that the princes and nobles of the land were crowding in such numbers * to hear him preach, as to fill the whole of Hatton Garden, and a large portion of Holborn with their splendid equipages; at that moment it was his delight to visit and converse with the poorest of his people, and to

* Mr. Irving's first congregation in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, did not exceed fifty persons.

exhibit to them, and to all men, the greatest mildness and modesty of demeanour.

I may here mention a fact which strikingly illustrates the humility and kindliness of his disposition; namely, that he was never known on any occasion to pass the poor unnoticed when in company, which, in the hey-day of his popularity, he often was, with the noble or great ones of the earth, but that he always showed as much respect and attention to the poorest as to the richest and greatest of the land. At this time he resided at Claremont-square, Pentonville, and might almost every day be seen walking about the square and the adjoining streets, carrying in his arms his own child, then not twelve months old.

And here I ought to remark, that Mr. Irving was exceedingly fond of children. Perhaps there are but few fathers whose affection for their offspring is so intense as his was. I have great reason to believe that the loss of a child, to whom he was devotedly attached, so deeply affected his mind as in a great measure to prepare him, by a process which I will rather leave

to be inferred than distinctly to state it, for the adoption of the extravagant views which unhappily characterized the latter years of his life.

Mr. Irving's affection, though, of course, peculiarly strong in the case of his own children, was not confined to them. He loved children in the aggregate, and could enter with his whole soul into their innocent feelings and recreations. I may here mention an incident, which, though perfectly trifling in itself, shews how deeply he could sympathize with children in their little distresses, and how much he could enter into their feelings. A little boy, five or six years of age, the son of a friend of my own, had been one day playing at his ball against a dead wall near Exmouth-street, Pentonville, when the ball had somehow or other got fixed on the ledge of the wall. The boy, child-like, began to cry, thinking he would never get his play-thing again. Several persons passed, but took no notice of the tears of the young innocent. At last Mr. Irving came up, carrying in his arms, in the way already described, his own child, when seeing

the boy in distress, he inquired what was the matter. The child sobbed out in accents which were barely intelligible, that his ball had stuck on the wall, and that he could not get it down. "My dear little fellow," said Mr. Irving, patting the boy on the back, "don't cry; but show me where it is." The child pointed to the place. Mr. Irving advanced to the wall, and though one of the tallest men I have ever seen, it was not until after he had made two or three efforts on tip-toe, that he succeeded in reaching it. He handed it to the now-overjoyed boy, and again patting him on the head, said to him in his own peculiarly kind and gentle accents, "Do not throw it up there again." This incident may appear to most persons trifling. So it, doubtless, as before remarked, is, considered in itself; but to me it is very interesting, as illustrative of the singular amiableness of Mr. Irving's mind, and the cordial manner in which he could enter into the feelings of little children; and this too at a time when being in the very meridian of his popularity, his thoughts might have been supposed

to be occupied with matters of a different nature.

So long as Mr. Irving continued in connection with the Church of Scotland, his Sabbath-day sermons were as remarkable for their length as for their originality and eloquence. They seldom occupied less than an hour and a quarter in the delivery; frequently he preached from an hour and a half to two hours at a time. On one occasion, when preaching on behalf of some religious institution, the London Missionary Society, if my memory be not at fault, more than three hours were occupied in the delivery of his discourse. His prayers in public were not proportionably long, though usually as long as is customary among Dissenters. In private meetings, however, Mr. Irving's prayers were often extended to such a length as to occupy as much time in their utterance, as is devoted by many of the metropolitan clergy to the delivery of their sermons. The reverend gentleman's lengthened prayers at private meetings, either in his own house or at the house of friends, were sometimes attended with rather

ludicrous circumstances. Having on one occasion accepted an invitation to a tea-party, at the house of a near relative of an Alderman of facetious celebrity, Mr. Irving, before departing, proposed, as he very often did on similar occasions, to improve, in a spiritual sense, the meeting of the party together, by "a few words of prayer." Most of those present being members of his church, and all belonging to some body of Christians or other, his proposal was at once agreed to. Mr. Irving's words, however, instead of being "few," were found to be "many." The gentleman in whose house the party were, eventually became impatient, thinking his friends who had been simply invited to drink tea, might feel so lengthened a prayer to be an infliction; and accordingly, as he chanced to be next to Mr. Irving, he gently pulled him by the tails of his coat, and whispered into his ear, "Mr. Irving, I'm quite ashamed at your continuing so long." Mr. Irving suddenly paused, and turning about on his knees towards two or three of his members who were in the same part of the room, said in his own fine

stentorian voice, "Ye servants of the Lord, I appeal to you for protection against such rude interruptions;" and so saying, he resumed praying, just as if nothing had happened, and continued for a considerable time longer.

But the most ludicrous incident which has been communicated to me, connected with Mr. Irving's habit of extending his prayers at private meetings to an undue length, occurred at his own house, when he resided in Claremont Square, Pentonville. For a considerable time, he had what he called an early prayer-meeting once a week, which prayer-meeting was open to any one who chose to attend it. The hour at which it commenced was six in the morning. Many Dissenting ministers whose duties in their own respective chapels prevented their having the gratification of hearing him preach on the sabbath-day, were induced by their anxiety to see him and hear him speak, to attend his early prayer meetings. On one occasion, the Rev. Mr. ——, a popular Dissenting minister, made his appearance at Mr. Irving's house precisely as the clock struck six

in the morning. After a psalm had been sung Mr. Irving requested one of his elders to address the throne of grace. The party having done so very briefly, another psalm, of the Scotch version of the songs of David, was sung, when Mr. Irving himself engaged in prayer. The reverend gentleman continued in the exercise for about fifteen minutes without the slightest symptom of his drawing towards a conclusion. The Dissenting minister being at the time connected with a theological institution, had a class of pupils to meet precisely at seven. It was now within twenty-five minutes of the time, and as after leaving Mr. Irving's house, it would require at least a quarter of an hour of the most rapid cab-driving, to carry him to the place where his class met, so as to be in time; he became exceedingly fidgetty at the circumstance of the reverend gentleman continuing so long. Still he was unwilling to disturb the meeting by rising and leaving the room in the middle of Mr. Irving's prayer. He determined on waiting a little longer, in the anxious hope that the reverend gentleman would every minute relieve

him from the embarrassing situation in which he felt himself to be placed, by bringing his devotions to a termination. The next time he took out his watch, it was within five minutes of the latest moment he could remain. Imagine his feelings when Mr. Irving seemed still so earnestly engaged in prayer, as not to hold out the most slender hope of concluding for a considerable time to come. Two minutes more elapsed, and still no appearance of Mr. Irving coming to a close. The Dissenting minister could bear it no longer; but rising up from his knees, he escaped to the door of the room, which was partially open, and made his way down stairs in the quietest possible manner. He had just reached the street-door, and was in the act of taking off the latch, when a large Newfoundland dog, which Mr. Irving kept in his house at the time, sprang upon him, and placing one of his fore-paws on either shoulder, forced the reverend gentleman down to a crouching position, with his head against the door. The animal fortunately did not bite, or in any way hurt Mr. ——, but kept him in

the position just mentioned, for at least five minutes, when Mr. Irving having concluded his devotions, one of his servants on coming down stairs released him from the exceedingly awkward and unpleasant predicament in which he was placed.

Mr. Irving was remarkable among his contemporaries in the pulpit for his correct views of the duties which devolve upon a minister of the gospel. While most exemplary in his attentions to the poor, and while ready at all times, like the Master whom he served, to be the servant of the humblest individual among his flock, he never compromised his fidelity as a "legate of the skies," by shrinking from a full and fearless proclamation of the more important truths of the gospel, to the nobles and the magnates who came crowding to hear him, and who were proud to cultivate his acquaintance. In his capacity of a preacher of the Cross, he knew no distinction of persons; he was indeed, a leveller of all the conventional differences which obtain in society. He never flattered the great. He brought them down to a footing

of perfect equality, as regarded their moral condition, with the most destitute beggar in the streets of London. And not only did he do this in general terms, but he eagerly availed himself of their presence to rebuke them for the specific sins which they were in the habit of most frequently committing, and earnestly and solemnly and faithfully warned them of the inevitable consequences of persisting in the practice of those sins. He must, indeed, have proved a Nathan to many an aristocratic conscience.

A friend of mine who was present at the time, lately mentioned to me, that on one occasion, after dwelling on the frightful extent to which the Sabbath-day was desecrated by persons moving in the higher spheres of society, he pointed to a particular part of the chapel in which were seated a number of noblemen and ladies of title, and said with great emphasis—"And you are the men and women who commit these sins. You are the persons who are in the constant habit of profaning God's holy day." Those only who have heard Mr. Irving

preach, can form any idea of what the effect of this apostrophe must have been. His uncompromising boldness and unshrinking fidelity as a preacher of the gospel, have often reminded me of John Knox charging Mary Queen of Scots with particular sins, when surrounded by all the splendour of her court.

A more kind-hearted man than Edward Irving never lived. I am acquainted with many persons who were for several years in habits of the closest intimacy with him, and who associated with him in private under all circumstances; and they one and all concur in saying, that not only did they never know him perform an unkind action, but that they never heard an unkind expression escape his lips. The milk of human kindness did indeed flow in copious streams in his veins. At the very time that he was bitterly assailed both by the press and from many of the evangelical pulpits of London, was he known earnestly to pray for the forgiveness of his persecutors, and to speak in terms of the greatest kindness of many of them by name.

He was a man of decided personal piety. The duties which he inculcated on others, he habitually practised himself. Those who knew him most intimately can best testify how holily and umblameably he had his conversation among men. With him it was a rule to invoke the blessing of God on every thing in which he engaged; even in matters which had no visible or immediate connection with religion. Several interesting instances of this have been furnished me by those who were his personal friends. I shall only mention one, namely, that when he had occasion to change his place of residence, he made a point specially asking the blessing of God on the new house he had taken. In connection with this fact, I may mention that he was at all times most deeply impressed with a conviction of the close connection there exists between praying for specific blessings and the operations of a particular Providence. Need I add, after this, that he recognised the hand of God in the minutest incidents which occurred either to himself or to others?

But though Mr. Irving was a man of the most decided personal piety, his views of religion did not render him indifferent to the innocent amusements of life. It is true, that he was too much occupied with the duties of his office, to be in a condition to give many proofs that he could enjoy harmless recreations; but when the opportunity did offer, he frequently availed himself of it. A literary gentleman of distinguished reputation as an author, and himself one who can tell a humorous story as well as most men I have met with, has assured me that he never heard any one tell a laughable Scotch story with greater effect than Mr. Irving. He was also at times exceedingly happy when in a playful mood. On such occasions he would, without a seeming effort, give utterance to observations remarkable for their point and felicity. When in one of his playful moods at a Presbytery dinner, at the time he was in the very zenith of his popularity, he rose to propose a particular toast, which he prefaced with a speech that afforded the greatest gratification to all present, but which produced a ludi-

crous impression on the mind of one of the company. Mr. Irving in rising to propose the toast said, "I am sure all* present will drink it with the greatest cordiality. It relates to a lady to whom we are all under the deepest obligations; a lady who, on our coming to London, received us with the greatest kindness; a lady ——"

Here a little, country-looking, simple-minded man, considerably advanced in years, recently arrived from Scotland, and one of the elders of a Scottish church, whispered into the ears of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the amusing anecdote, an expression of his wonder as to what particular *woman* Mr. Irving could mean. He was told to wait a little and he should hear her name.

"A lady," said Mr. Irving, "to whom I feel myself under a debt of infinite gratitude; for on my first coming here she received me into her arms——"

"Dear me! fa' or what can she be?" ejacu-

* The company consisted exclusively of Scotchmen.

lated the little Scotch elder, loud enough to be heard by several of the company.

"Yes; received me into her arms, pressed me to her bosom, and has ever since lavished her smiles upon me; a lady whom I am therefore bound to love."

"Oh! I see through it noo," again ejaculated the hitherto perplexed elder of the kirk. "Oh, I see it noo as clear as day-light; it's his sweetheart he's referring to."*

"A lady," continued Mr. Irving, "who is all that is amiable; and who is the admiration of the whole world."

"Bless my heart!" once more whispered the little Scotchman into the ear of the gentleman who sat next to him, "the leddy must be a great beauty and a guid woman into the bargain, when he praises her so muckle."

"A lady whose name has only to be mentioned to call forth an unanimous expression of your respect. The lady to whom I refer, my friends, is England. Here's prosperity to England!"

* Mr. Irving was not married at this time.

The Scotch elder, who by this time was burning with impatience to hear the name, as he supposed, of Mr. Irving's sweetheart, looked as confounded on the toast being proposed, as if, to use his own expression, "the hoose itsel' in which they were met, had been dung doon (knocked down) about their lugs (ears)."

At the same Presbytery dinner, Mr. Irving, knowing the oddities of character as well as bluntness which the little Scotchman was in the habit of exhibiting, proposed the health of the elders of the Scottish Kirk. There was an unanimous call for Mr. B—— to return thanks. The honest unsophisticated elder rose, and after stammering out a few broken sentences respecting the honour done him, and the deep attachment he felt for the kirk of Scotland, made, to the utter astonishment of the company, an abrupt transition from a speech to a purely devotional prayer. A friend of mine who was present, gently taking hold of him by the arm, whispered into his ear that he rose to return thanks for a toast, and not to pray. He took the hint, abruptly terminated his devotions, and made an effort to say something more by

way of speech. The attempt, however, was a complete failure. The truth was, that being in the daily habit of praying, he found it an easy exercise, while, not having ever before been called on for a speech, he could not play the orator at all.

No man could enjoy with greater zest than Mr. Irving, such harmless incidents as these. But this is a point in his character on which I must not further dwell.

He was singularly quick in detecting character. All who were intimately acquainted with him, will bear testimony to this fact. A very short conversation with a stranger served, in most cases, to enable him to perceive the peculiarities of that stranger's mind.

Nor was the readiness and distinctness with which he afterwards recognized individuals with whom he once met, less a matter of surprise. I have been assured by some of his friends, that notwithstanding the vast number of persons he came in contact with when at the height of his popularity, he never met any of them a second time without recognizing them at once. I my-

self knew a striking instance of his readiness at recollecting persons with whom he had once met. A young man who had a short time before come up from the country, met with him one day accidentally, and was a short time in his company. About twelve months afterwards, this young man was proceeding along Cheapside at a rapid pace, when Mr. Irving meeting him in that crowded thoroughfare, at once recognized and noticed him.

The extraordinary quickness of his eye was often shown in another way. At the time that the average attendance at Newman Street Chapel was upwards of two thousand, he would at once miss any of his members, even poor servant girls, who were absent from worship. And if absent two sabbath-days in succession, his practice was to send one of the officers of the church to visit and pray with them.

He was a man of great generosity of mind. He was not only incapable of an unworthy action, but I am persuaded, he never even harboured an ungenerous thought. How striking the contrast between his conduct to other

metropolitan ministers, and the conduct of many of those ministers towards him! While they were regarding him with feelings the opposite of friendly, he was, though they knew it not, in many cases doing them a positive service, by urgently advising, as if it were an act of personal friendship to himself, those of their hearers who wished to become members of his church, to remain where they were. Many instances of this kind consist with my own private knowledge. Mr. Irving knew how painful to the feelings, and how discouraging to the minds of ministers it is, when their members leave them and join some other church in the same place, perhaps in the same neighbourhood; and to spare them such feelings, as far as lay in his power, was at all times his most anxious desire.

Mr. Irving had a singularly compassionate and sympathizing heart. He never witnessed human woe, no matter what party was the subject of it, without feeling most acutely for the sufferer, and doing every thing in his power to lessen, if not remove the misery.

There are hundreds alive at this moment, who never formed a portion of his congregation, who could testify from their own experience to this fact. In innumerable instances did he, by his sympathies and his tender counsel, soothe the sorrowing mind, and cause sadness to give place to joy. If ever there was one man of whom it could be said with greater truth than of another, that he could rejoice with those that rejoiced, and weep with those that wept, that man was Edward Irving. His thoughts, and sympathies, and affections were, indeed, so much occupied with others, that he almost ceased to be solicitous about himself.

Nor were Mr. Irving's kindnesses confined to mere words; they were no less strikingly exhibited in the actions of his life. He was a practical as well as speculative philanthropist. His charitable deeds were countless, and they were performed with no niggard hand. He relieved as liberally as his means would permit. It is no poetic fiction, but a sober fact, communicated to me by one who knew him well, that he often himself suffered the privation of a

meal, that he might thereby be the better able to assist in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. His heart, his house, and his hand, as has been well observed by one of his friends, were open to all the sons and daughters of want or wretchedness. It was enough for him to know that a person was in destitution, to insure immediate relief to the utmost extent of his ability. He asked no questions, with the view of ascertaining whether that destitution might not have been brought on by imprudence or crime. To show how truly charitable he was, I may mention that I know a case, and I believe it is only one of many, in which a poor woman who never saw him before, and of whom he knew nothing, applied to him for relief. He gave the astonished applicant a sovereign. All his acts of charity were accompanied by a few words of salutary and impressive counsel; often by prayer. Who shall say in how many instances the souls as well as bodies of poor persons may have been thus benefited through the instrumentality of Mr. Irving?

Incapable himself of even conceiving an unfriendly feeling, far less doing an unkind thing to any human being, he was exceedingly sensitive to the unjust treatment he received at the hands of others. I need not say that his noble but susceptible spirit, was particularly pained when he found that those whom he had, in the unsuspecting generosity of his mind, regarded as his greatest friends, turned out his most bitter and relentless foes. I remember hearing him, about six months before his death, make a very touching allusion to the bad treatment he had received from certain quarters. Oh, if those who heaped their calumnies upon him with so unsparing a hand as to embitter the latter years of his existence, had only heard the gentle terms and tender accents in which he spoke of them and their deeds of persecution, they must have shrunk into the earth at the contrast between his spirit and theirs. I have before said, and now repeat it, that he was earnest and frequent at a throne of grace on their behalf, and that the prayer of his Master, in reference to the persecutions

to which he was subjected at the hands of his enemies, "Father, forgive them!" was often offered up by him.

But I must draw my notice of Mr. Irving to a close. If I were to sum up his character according to my view of it, in the fewest possible words, I should say,—and should say it with a special emphasis,—that he was a truly great and good man. It were difficult to say whether his moral or intellectual excellence predominated. I have rarely known a more remarkable union of the head and the heart than was afforded in his case. I shall always regard him as having been one of the master-spirits of his age. It is true, that the visionary notions which he latterly adopted indicated a defective judgment, and to a certain extent obscured his intellect; but I am convinced that had he been but spared a few years longer, he would have seen his error, and renounced his extravagant opinions. I say this advisedly, because I happen to know, through a private source of information, something of the circumstances under which he adopted his

more visionary notions. On this point, however, I must, from respect to the feelings of parties who are still alive, abstain from making any specific statements.

As a speaker, Mr. Irving excelled any man I have ever heard in a pulpit. His voice was powerful and sonorous. Some of its cadences were exceedingly musical, and he had a perfect command over it. I can imagine that the mellifluous accents of the reverend gentleman's voice are still greeting my ear. His admirable elocution contributed much to display his voice to advantage. His utterance was singularly well timed, while the manifest ease with which he spoke, the originality of his matter, the beauties of his diction, and his graceful though often vehement gestures, severally concurred in giving effect to those attributes of his oratory which had more of nature than of art in them. With what rapt attention did congregated thousands, consisting of all ranks and classes of individuals, frequently hang for more than an hour and a half at a time, on the lips of Edward Irving! No one that had the gratification of

hearing him in some of his happier moods, will ever forget either his eloquence or his person. And here I should remark, that his personal appearance was as striking, or as much out of the beaten track, as his style of preaching. I never saw a more handsome man, in so far as figure went. He was upwards of six feet two in height, and proportionally formed. It is true that he had a marked squint, in, if I remember, his right eye; but his features were otherwise regular; while the expression of his countenance had so much benevolence and placidity about it, as to neutralize any unpleasant feeling which the squint in his eye would have otherwise produced. His complexion was swarthy, and his hair, which was long and of a jet-black hue, was carefully parted in the middle of his fine lofty forehead, in a manner similar to that in which the other sex usually arrange their hair. He wore large whiskers. His face was of the oval shape, and had something about it which often caused him to be taken for a foreigner when walking in the streets.

Most of the circumstances connected with Mr. Irving's death are already known to the public. There are two or three, however, which, so far as I am aware, have not appeared in print. I believe it is now ascertained to be a fact, that the illness which terminated fatally, had its origin in a cold caught on his journey to Scotland, when summoned to appear before the Synod of Annan, immediately prior to his expulsion from the Church of Scotland. He started with the mail at eight o'clock on a Sunday night, having preached up to the latest minute he could without missing the coach. Having brought his discourse to an abrupt termination, he requested some of his deacons to conclude the services of the evening, and without saying a word to any one, he quitted the chapel, to the great astonishment of his people. The sudden transition from a place which was so hot, owing to the crowds assembled, as to be scarcely endurable, to the open air in cold winter weather, would have been a perilous experiment for a man of the strongest constitution to have made. In the case of Mr.

Irving, whose frame must have suffered from the deep anxieties which were known to have preyed on his mind for some time previously,—to say nothing of his incessant labours among his people,—it could scarcely fail to be accompanied with serious results. I was about two hours with him a few days after his return from Scotland, and fancied he looked ill in bodily health as he certainly seemed depressed in spirits. I attributed both, however, to the circumstance of his being ejected from a church, towards which I knew he cherished the most devoted attachment. He continued to preach, or rather to exhort, for some time afterwards; when his indisposition began to assume a threatening aspect. Still he occasionally addressed his people for several months longer; but then he was reluctantly compelled to withdraw altogether from the sanctuary. There can be no doubt, if I be not misinformed, that before he left London, he felt assured in his own mind, that his illness would have a fatal termination; and I know it is the opinion of some of those who were his most devoted

friends, that one reason, if not the only reason, which induced him to go to Scotland, was a desire to spare as much as possible the feelings of his people when death should be seen to be inevitable and at hand. He thought that their sufferings on his account would be less acute and protracted were he to die at a distance, than if he had expired in his own house; which was next door to the chapel. In the former case they could hear but seldom and to a limited extent, of his pains and weaknesses; in the latter case, they would be anxiously inquiring, not only every day, but every hour of the day as to how he was; and he knew that every unfavourable account of the state of his health would overwhelm them with grief.

The nearer death approached, and the more he felt assured that the time of his departure was at hand, the greater did his peace of mind become. He looked forward to the change with the calm confidence of one who knew in whom he had believed,—who felt that his feet were standing on the Rock of Ages, and that all his hopes rested on the broad and immutable

basis of the atonement of Christ. The last religious exercise of any length, in which he was able to engage, was to read, in Hebrew, in conjunction with his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Martin, the twenty-third Psalm. In about six hours afterwards he passed through the valley and shadow of death of which he had been reading, fearing no ill, but realising the blessed truth, "Thy staff and thy rod, they comfort me."

Thus, in 1834, died EDWARD IRVING, leaving few if any greater or better men behind him. Who would not shed a tear upon the grave of one who possessed so colossal a mind, and who devoted all its mighty energies to the promotion of the present and eternal well-being of his fellow-men? Who would not revere the memory of one who drank so deeply into the spirit of his Divine Master, and trode so closely in His footsteps,—one whose life was as spotless as his breast was pure,—one who at a time when he enjoyed a popularity which has rarely been equalled, never surpassed, and was run after and idolized by

the most illustrious in rank and the most distinguished in literature, exhibited in all the intercourse of life, the humility, the tenderness and simplicity of a little child.

CHAPTER III.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—MINISTERS OF CHURCHES.

The Rev. Thomas Snow — The Rev. J. T. Robinson — The Rev. Thomas Dale — The Rev. John Harding — The Rev. Dr. Croly.

The Rev. Thomas Snow, Vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, has occupied that situation for several years. It is not generally known, not even, I believe, by the evangelical party in the churches of London, that the reverend gentleman was one of the four clergymen of the Establishment who simultaneously seceded from the Church in 1815, and whose separation from the hierarchy caused so great a sensation in the religious world at the time. The circumstance of Mr. Snow's being one of the seceders, contributed much to the interest which was felt in the secession, in consequence of his being the brother of a baronet, and being

largely and most respectably connected in a family point of view. Of the Rev. Mr. Evans, of John-street Chapel, King's-road, another of the separatists, I shall have occasion to speak when I come to notice the Baptist ministers of the metropolis. A detailed reference to the remaining two, does not fall within the plan of this work. Mr. Snow, soon after he had detached himself from the Church, went to one of our fashionable watering-towns—to Cheltenham, if my memory be not at fault—where he got up a small society of Christians, consisting of persons who had embraced his newly-adopted views. The remark has been so often made, as to acquire the currency of a proverb, that individuals, in matters of religious faith especially, often leap from one extreme to another. This was the case with Mr. Snow; from the latitude of faith and laxity of discipline which are tolerated in the Church, he ran to the opposite extreme of allowing no difference of faith at all as regarded doctrine, nor any variance of opinion on matters of discipline, in those with whom he would hold church-

fellowship. What his precise views were as to the details of the constitution of a Christian church, I cannot undertake to say; but this I know, that they were of the narrowest kind—narrower, I believe, than even those of Sandemanianism itself; for not only would he not on any account sit down to the Lord's Supper with those who did not agree with him in the minutest particular in matters of discipline, even where the decided piety of the parties was unquestionable; but he would not allow such persons to attend the prayer-meetings of his little community. I may mention an affecting instance of the anomalies produced by the bigotted views which Mr. Snow at this time entertained. A very intimate friend of his own, an evangelical clergyman, of whose personal piety he never had the shadow of a doubt, happened to be on a visit to the town where Mr. Snow then resided, and during his few days' stay in the place, he lived in Mr. Snow's house. During one of the days the reverend gentleman was there, Mr. Snow had service in his small meeting-house. The other

expressed his anxiety to be present at the service; but Mr. Snow, though treating him with the greatest friendship and hospitality, and having had a great deal of pious conversation with him, plainly told him that he could not be admitted into the place where his Christian society met; but said, that after their meeting was over, another meeting of a promiscuous kind would take place in an adjoining room, at which he might, if so disposed, be present.

Mr. Snow did not long adhere to his newly-adopted views. In a few years after his secession from the Church, he rejoined it, and has ever since continued one of its ministers. I am not certain as to the precise time of his coming to London, but he has now been for a considerable period vicar of St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Snow's sentiments are strictly evangelical. I am aware that reports have recently been whispered about in private, that he is tinctured with the Pusey heresies. All I can say is, that though I have heard him preach with some frequency of late, I never could discover any thing in his sermons which could

justify the imputation. Of this I am certain, that if he be inoculated with the Popery of the Pusey party, he must be a very inconsistent man; for I have recently heard him preach sermons, whose entire tenor was altogether incompatible with the theology of the semi-papists of Oxford. In order to remove all doubts on the point, I think it would be advisable on the part of Mr. Snow to take an early opportunity of denouncing from the pulpit, the Popish divinity of the Pusey school. Of course, I suggest this step on the assumption, that Mr. Snow has not become a proselyte to the views of that party.

The leading characteristics of Mr. Snow's preaching may be told in a few words. It is more calculated to edify, comfort, and encourage the saints of God, than to arouse the careless or to convert the sinner. It may be a question whether he has not an excess of charity; for I have always been of opinion that a minister of the gospel may err as much in being over-charitable when estimating the character of his people, as in having too little of that

quality. It has often struck me when hearing Mr. Snow preach, that he is inclined to over-estimate the number of believers in a promiscuous assemblage like that of his own congregation, and to under-estimate the number of the unconverted. At any rate, his preaching is not only chiefly, but often exclusively, addressed to the former class of individuals. It is true that the reverend gentleman, when apostrophising persons in an unconverted state, is full and free in his invitations to them to come and accept of the mercy provided in the gospel; but what I question is, whether his remarks are addressed to them with sufficient frequency, and whether the invitations he gives to sinners to come to Christ, are prefaced as often as they ought to be, by an energetic and uncompromising denunciation of their guilt in living in that state of alienation from God, in which all are by nature.

Mr. Snow is always clear. There is no mysticism about his preaching; no attempt to be profound at the expense of the understandings of the generality of his hearers. You are not

struck with any thing in his sermons which indicates an original or vigorous mind. Neither, on the other hand, does he fall below mediocrity. He is seldom superficial. He is one under whose ministrations a believer can at all times sit with pleasure, and from which, if it be not his own fault, he may derive edification and profit. The prevailing strain of his preaching is of a practical kind. He judiciously blends the preceptive with the doctrinal parts of the Christian scheme. His sermons are all carefully written. The style is good, but without elaborate polish. He preaches on Thursday evenings, and, if I mistake not, expends as much time in the preparation of his discourses for those evenings, as in the preparation of those which are intended for delivery on the Sabbath day. His week-day congregations may average about two hundred persons: his usual Sabbath-day audiences I should estimate at seven or eight hundred.

Mr. Snow is a man of great piety. His heart is evidently engaged in the work of the ministry. His pastoral duties are manifestly a

pleasure, not a task to him. In his aspect, tone, and manner, there is a striking union of decision with mildness. In private, he is modest and unassuming in the highest degree. His benign countenance is a correct index to the goodness of his disposition. Out of the pulpit he possesses the simplicity of a child and the harmlessness of a dove. If any one, no matter though the poorest and humblest Christian in the land, happen to express an opinion on any given topic at variance with his sentiments, he will listen to that person with a patience and attention which prove, what a gentleman who knows him intimately has represented to me as one of the leading traits in his character, namely, his readiness to receive instruction from any quarter, even were it from a mere child.

Mr. Snow is an excellent speaker. Nature, indeed, has endowed him with many of the qualities of an orator. His voice is sonorous and powerful in no ordinary degree. His enunciation is distinct, and his utterance is well-timed. But though Nature has done so

much for him as a speaker, he has not cultivated her gifts so successfully as he might have done. He does not modulate his voice with the effect of which, with a very slight effort, it is evidently susceptible. He pitches, in the brief exordium of his discourse on a certain key, and seldom varies it in the course of the sermon. It is true, that in some of the more impressive passages of his discourses, he does impart more of solemnity of tone to his voice than generally characterises his delivery; but this is neither frequently the case, nor is it done with the effect with which it might be, were he to study oratory with some attention. His manner, too, wants animation; not that it is tame or spiritless, but that it does not correspond with the excellence of his voice. He uses very little gesture. When he commences his discourse, and for some time after, he rests either arm on the side of the pulpit, and stands quite still, with the exception of an occasional slight motion of his head. As he proceeds, he partially raises his right hand at short intervals. Now and then he gesticulates with both arms at the same

time, and his countenance on such occasions assumes a more earnest expression than usual.

Mr. Snow's preaching, in such cases, not only arrests but rivets the attention of all present, and causes one the more to regret that he should not be more liberal of his action throughout the discourse. I remember seeing a person come into the passage of St. Dunstan's one Thursday evening, when the reverend gentleman was in one of his more animated moods, and when he was not so niggard of his gesticulation as he usually is. The stranger, who seemed to be instantly struck with the appearance and manner of the preacher, gazed upon him with silent amazement for some time; when unable any longer to restrain himself, he observed to another individual also standing in the passage, in tones loud enough to be heard by those around him, "That gentleman," meaning Mr. Snow, "is the likest in appearance, voice, elocution, and manner, to John Kemble,* of any man I ever saw." This was a great compliment to Mr. Snow as a speaker, Mr.

* Meaning John Kemble, the great tragedian.

Kemble having been almost unequalled in that capacity by any of his contemporaries. As regards the effectiveness of his delivery, Mr. Snow appears to me to have fallen off of late. I see, or fancy I see, a marked difference in his usual manner now, compared with what it was four or five years ago. Then I thought the want of animation was the exception; now it is the rule.

In prayer Mr. Snow's eyes are always open. He keeps them constantly fixed on a particular spot of the gallery opposite to him. I have often been struck with the peculiar solemnity of tone and manner which characterizes the reverend gentleman when repeating the prayers of the Church. He is a close reader of his sermons, rarely delivering a sentence, except when within a minute or so of the conclusion, without the help of his paper. He usually, however, withdraws his eye from his manuscript for a single second, in the middle of every alternate sentence, and then his glance always takes one direction, which is in an angular line on the right of the pulpit.

His living is nominally four hundred and ninety pounds per annum; but in addition to this he has the endowed Thursday evening lectureship, which brings him one hundred pounds a-year. If to this be added Easter offerings, marriage and burial fees, &c. his living altogether must be worth seven or eight hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Snow has done little in the way of authorship. I am not aware of his having appeared more than twice through the press. The first work from his pen, if I be not mistaken, was a sermon which he preached at Cheltenham on the death of the Princess Charlotte. This was two years after he had detached himself from the hierarchy, and divested himself of the title of "Reverend," invariably assumed by the clergy, and by the great majority of Dissenting ministers also. Mr. Snow characterized himself on the title-page of his sermon as plain "Thomas Snow, Seceder from the National Religious Establishment." The sermon called forth, some months after its publication, a pamphlet by a clergyman of the

Church, and a very intimate personal friend of Mr. Snow's; in which pamphlet, in the form of a letter to himself, though a blank was substituted for his name, Mr. Snow was charged, along with the other seceders from the Church, with entertaining and preaching rank Antinomianism. To this pamphlet Mr. Snow replied in another pamphlet, extending to about one hundred pages; in which he complained of his views and doctrines being misrepresented, and in which he repelled the charges preferred against him, in an excellent spirit and with much ability. This was his second, and I believe his last appearance before the public as an author.

Mr. Snow's personal appearance is very commanding. He is above the average height, and well formed. His countenance has that serious solemn aspect, without being morose, which so well befits the "messenger of grace to guilty men." It wears an expression of dignity, without anything indicative in the smallest degree of pride or self-importance. His forehead is straight and broad. His features are small,

with the exception of prominent eye-brows. His face is oval, and rather large. His complexion is swarthy, and his eye-lashes are dark; but the little hair that remains on his head—for it is bald on the crown—is of a greyish hue. He has a dark clear eye, which contributes much to the intelligent expression which his countenance wears. Though seemingly close on his sixtieth year, he appears to enjoy excellent health.

The Rev. JOHN T. ROBINSON, Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is a preacher whose discourses are greatly admired by the more intellectual portion of his hearers. I do not wonder at this; for I know of few ministers, whether in the Church or among Dissenters, who prepare their sermons with greater care, than does this reverend gentleman. He is a man of superior talents; but his preaching is not likely ever to become popular, in the usual acceptation of the term. What I mean is, that his ministrations do not possess those attributes which are necessary to attract large or pro-

miscuous audiences. He is much too argumentative; a great deal too fond of preaching learnedly, to be even intelligible to the humbler and less informed classes of the community. Neither does he assign sufficient prominence in his pulpit discourses, to the leading doctrines of the gospel; nor does he deal in those close and energetic appeals to the conscience, without which it will very rarely be found that large promiscuous assemblages are drawn to a place of worship. He is an excellent reasoner: his arguments are usually sound, and they are put with force and perspicuity. He has the happy knack of knowing when and where to stop. When pursuing a train of reasoning, he rarely weakens, as many otherwise good reasoners do, his arguments, by pushing them to an undue extent. He is intimately acquainted with ecclesiastical history, and is partial to the introduction of learned facts and authorities in support of the positions he advances, or by way of enforcing the arguments he employs when seeking to establish those positions. He is fond of the discussion of topics on

which the religious world are divided: hence his sermons partake largely of a polemical character. But the most favourite theme of all with Mr. Robinson, is the evidences of Christianity. He dwells so much on this subject, that one who knew no better would be apt to imagine that he entertained some unacknowledged suspicion, that a very large part of his auditory consisted of infidels. And here allow me to remark, at the risk of being deemed guilty of a digression, that it has always appeared to me a very great error of judgment on the part of ministers, to occupy much of their hearers' attention, when those hearers, as in Mr. Robinson's case, consist of the usual Sabbath-day congregations,—with statements of facts and elaborate reasonings, in proof of the religion of the New Testament. The mere circumstance of persons statedly attending the Christian ministry, is a presumptive proof that in the large majority of cases, they are at least speculative or theoretical believers in the divine origin of the religion of Jesus. The great object, therefore, of a minister of the

gospel, ought to be to enforce on his hearers the necessity of embodying in his life and conversation, the truths which he professes to believe.

Mr. Robinson's sermons, as will be inferred from what I have already stated, have very little of a doctrinal or experimental nature in them. Having never heard him on any occasion, even touch on what are called the doctrines of free grace, I cannot undertake to say with certainty what his views are on the point. He is clearly more than a merely moral preacher. My impression is, that his views of the doctrinal parts of the gospel scheme, may be expressed by a phrase which I do not remember ever to have heard made use of before, namely, a low evangelicalism.

Mr. Robinson's style is always correct, and often rises to a high order of eloquence. His sermons are well sustained throughout, and they are remarkable for being always of the same length. Half-an-hour is the average space of time occupied in their delivery. They rarely exceed or fall short of that time, even a

few minutes. I may here remark that Mr. Robinson never has more than two or three sentences by way of exordium. I have sometimes heard him give out the heads of his discourse without a single word in the shape of introduction.

As a speaker, Mr. Robinson ranks high. His voice, though somewhat gruff, is powerful, and his elocution is good. His utterance is distinct and well-timed to the ear. He is always audible, and speaks with great ease and fluency. It is true, that he closely confines himself to his paper, never withdrawing his eye from it for more than a few seconds at a time; but his reading is so good and his voice possesses so much volume, that any one who heard him without seeing him, would at once conclude that he was in the erect attitude of an extemporaneous speaker, instead of having his head chained down to a paper. I have no doubt the reverend gentleman has carefully studied elocution; for many of the modulations of his voice, the emphasis he puts on particular words, and the peculiar way in which he finishes the

delivery of particular sentences, must convince any one who has ever thought on the subject, that his oratory is the result of art or study. Though his action has nothing theatrical about it, his elocution strongly reminds me of that of some of our leading actors when delivering some of the more lengthened speeches which Shakspeare puts into the mouths of his principal characters. He is very sparing of his gesture; rarely using any other than a gentle occasional movement of either arm, particularly his right one.

The living possessed by the reverend gentleman is a very lucrative one. It is one thousand three hundred and thirty-six pounds per annum, exclusive of a free residence, Easter offerings, and fees of various kinds. It must be worth at least one thousand seven hundred pounds a-year.

I am not aware that Mr. Robinson has any claim, even so far as the publication of a detached sermon would confer it, to the title of author. If any thing from his pen has issued from the press, it is unknown to me.

Mr. Robinson's personal appearance is rather imposing. He is of the middle height, and well and compactly made. His features are regular, and his complexion has a fresh and healthful appearance. But that his face is perhaps rather full, it would be called decidedly handsome. The expression of his countenance is reserved: it partakes slightly of what the French call *hauteur*. Of course, I am speaking of Mr. Robinson only in the pulpit: I have never, so far as I am aware, seen him elsewhere. His hair is rather dark, and is usually worn short. In the front it impairs the effect of an otherwise well-developed forehead, by partly overlapping it. His whiskers are large and bushy. His eyes are dark and intelligent. In prayer they are alternately open and shut. His age is, apparently, about forty-three or forty-four.

The Rev. THOMAS DALE, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and Evening Lecturer in St. Sepulchre's Snow-hill, was educated at the Blue Coat School. He intended, in the first in-

stance, to follow some secular pursuit; but what that particular pursuit was, has escaped my memory. After he had applied his mind to it for two years, he relinquished all idea of following it any longer, and prepared for entering into holy orders. He is one of the most popular clergymen in the metropolis. Nor is his popularity of recent date; it is of many years' standing. He rose into distinction, indeed, almost immediately after he began to preach; which is now nearly a quarter of a century ago. Nor do there appear any symptoms of Mr. Dale's popularity being on the wane. If, on the contrary, an increased anxiety to attend on his ministrations may be regarded as a legitimate test of his reputation as a preacher, I am justified in saying that that reputation is on the increase rather than the decline. The church of which he is the vicar, though large, is always crowded to an inconvenient extent, and were it capable of containing three thousand persons — it can only accommodate two thousand, and even then not without very great crowding—I am sure that

every sitting in it would not only be occupied, but regularly taken. Even on the Wednesday evenings, when it is understood that Mr. Dale himself will preach, the average attendance in St. Bride's Church cannot be less than twelve hundred. When it is known before hand that he will not preach the week-day sermon, I should suppose the usual attendance does not exceed five or six hundred.

I am often much surprised at the popularity of particular ministers. Mr. Dale is not one of the number. I should be surprised, indeed, if he were less popular than he is. His theology is sound; he is thoroughly evangelical; while his matter not only embodies the more vital and practical parts of the gospel scheme, but indicates a very high order of intellect. Mental excellence, blended with decided piety, is indeed displayed in his discourses with a prominency which is seldom to be met with either in our metropolitan or provincial pulpits. Mr. Dale's matter is condensed and comprehensive. The sin of diffuseness is one which I do not remember to have seen him commit,

though I have heard him at intervals, and on every variety of subject, for several years past. He is always clear. His matter cannot be said to be profound; but neither is it, on the other hand, ever superficial or flimsy. If he do not sound the depths of divinity so far as some others do, he always goes below the surface of things. His sermons are well sustained; occasionally he gives utterance to brilliant things. He is always above mediocrity. He is exceeding partial to an antithetical style of preaching. Any attempts at display he carefully avoids. Though his discourses exhibit all the traces of great care in the preparation, I never could observe anything either about them or him, which could justify the opinion, that when addressing his people he is more solicitous about what should be thought of himself as a man of talent, than about the faithful and effectual exhibition of the truth. His manner has all the appearance of sincerity about it. No one could hear him even for a few minutes without quitting the place with a thorough conviction, that his heart is in the work, and

that the conversion of souls, not the applause of men, is with him the great and primary motive to ministerial exertion.

Mr. Dale is bold and uncompromising in his addresses to his people. He rebukes with equal fidelity persons of all ranks; nor does he spare the more fashionable of the sex when he thinks the occasion calls on him to direct his reproofs especially to them. I remember hearing him a few years ago preach a sermon in aid of the funds of some charitable institution, in St. Sepulchre's, Snow Hill. The latter part of the sermon, was altogether a close, and energetic and very eloquent appeal to the consciences of his hearers generally, on the claims which the institution for which he that evening pleaded had to their support; but the observations he addressed in a peculiar manner to the ladies, were among the most searching and forcible I ever heard from the pulpit; while they were delivered with a fervour and energy I have rarely seen Mr. Dale display on any other occasion. I am sorry that I cannot give the reverend gentleman's admonitions and rebukes

as they proceeded with a burning, or rather I should say, with a withering eloquence from his lips. What called forth the severe reproof was the fact, that he had ascertained that on similar occasions some of the more fashionable and finely-dressed females in the audience, had gone out of the church without depositing so much as a single sixpence in the plates provided at the door to receive contributions. Among other remarks which he made that must have caused many a conscience to play the part of a Nathan to its possessor, was one to the following effect:—"I have no doubt there are here to-night many a fashionable female whose bosom is encased in the softest silks or satins, while her heart is as hard, when charitable appeals are made to her, as the very stones of the pavement on which she treads when retiring from the church."

I am not sure, indeed, whether Mr. Dale's anxiety to be fearless and faithful in the discharge of his ministerial duties, does not sometimes lead him to say injudicious things. One who hears him often, has mentioned to me, that

sometime ago, when dwelling on the fact that the worship of God must be spiritual in order to be acceptable, he actually insisted that all those who did not feel conscious that they were on that occasion worshipping God with their whole hearts as well as with their bodies, should rise that moment from their seats and quit the church. While thus addressing his audience, a female fell into fainting fits; which circumstance some persons present attributed to the state of alarm into which she had been thrown by the reverend gentleman's remarks; but as this could only be supposition, I think it unfair to assume it, as I have heard it assumed, to be an undoubted fact.

His ordinary manner possesses much sameness. His voice is clear and distinct, and he is always audible in every part of the church, without any appearance of effort. His chief defect as a public speaker is, that he never modulates his voice. Its tones are almost always the same. It is true, that when he comes to the more practical parts of his discourse, he raises his voice to a higher key than that in

which the greater part of it is delivered; but even when his voice is at its loudest, and he himself is most animated and impassioned, his elocution exhibits the same monotony. His utterance is rapid, yet not unpleasantly so. Considering that he confines himself closely to his paper, I have often been surprised at the rapidity with which he speaks. He never withdraws his eyes from his manuscript for more than a few seconds at a time. He then bestows a momentary glance alternately on those of the audience who are on the right and left of the pulpit, in the area of the church. He never, not even by accident, glances his eye at those in the body of the church directly before him. His action is tame. With his fine voice, his superior talents, his evangelical opinions, and his great earnestness, he would, were his elocution more varied and his gesticulation more abundant, without being ungraceful or extravagant, prove one of the most attractive of public speakers to be met with in any of the pulpits of the present day.

With the exception of the Rev. Henry Mel-

vill, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, Mr. Dale is, I believe, more extensively employed to preach charity sermons than any other clergyman in London. His ingenuity is, therefore, as will be readily conceived, often severely put to the test to vary the nature of his appeals, and yet preserve their effectiveness, to the hearts and pockets of the congregations he addresses. I have often admired his tact in this way. I have repeatedly known him, after exhausting himself in the fervour of his appeals to their principles as Christians and their feelings as men, very adroitly "hitch in" something which he supposed most likely to influence a class of persons to be found in all mixed audiences whose pockets are not to be reached either through the avenues of their religion or their humanity. Some time ago he said, when preaching in aid of the funds of a charitable institution, that there might be certain persons present who, though able, did not mean to contribute any thing to the collection about to be made. He then appealed to their sense of decency, whether they ought not to rise at the

end of the discourse, and leave the place, so as not to interfere with those who intended to contribute, either by inconveniencing them at the door, or by setting them a bad example in passing the plate without depositing any thing in it. It is unnecessary to say, that not a person quitted his seat; this was just the way to chain his audience down till the close of the services, and to increase the chances of extracting a trifle from their pockets. The circumstance reminds me of the story related of the Rev. Rowland Hill, when he was preaching a charity sermon. As that story goes, Mr. Hill beseeched those whose pecuniary affairs were insolvent, or who were not, in other words, able to pay their creditors, not to give a single farthing towards the collection; adding, that morality as well as the gospel required that men should be just before they were generous. The result was, that as every one was anxious to be considered in solvent circumstances, and as the not contributing would, after what the preacher had said, have led to a contrary conclusion, there was not a person present who

had any thing in his pocket that did not contribute to the collection; and even those who had no money with them, borrowed some from their acquaintances in order to save their credit from so deadly an assault.

And yet, with all Mr. Dale's ingenuity and powers of persuasion, when pleading the cause of benevolence, it so happens that some of those institutions of the most meritorious kind which are connected with St. Bride's Church, are very inadequately supported by his people. Among these institutions there is a District Visiting Society, which contemplates, and is peculiarly adapted to promote, the temporal and spiritual advantage of the poorer portion of the population of the parish. To what extent, then, does the reader suppose is this most excellent institution supported by a congregation exceeding two thousand persons in number, and many of whom are very opulent? I confess that had I not heard the fact from Mr. Dale's own lips, which I did in the course of one of his week-day sermons in January last, I could not have believed, that only forty

pounds are annually subscribed by such a congregation to such an institution.

Mr. Dale is a most laborious man in the way of visiting his people, as well as in preaching to them. He also actively exerts himself in all matters connected with the parish which bear immediately on the interests of religion. It is true that he is a decided Tory, but as his views in politics as well as in religion, are doubtless sincere, no one has a right to quarrel with him on account of them. Where he conceives that a great public principle is involved, he spares no personal labour to assert what he regards as the right view of the case. Some time ago he felt the deepest anxiety to see an end put to Sabbath trading in the parish of St. Bride's; and in the hope of witnessing the desired consummation, he personally waited upon every individual in the parish guilty of a desecration of that day by attending to their usual avocations, for the purpose of using all the arguments and persuasions he could think of to induce them to give up their Sunday trading. I know an instance in which he

wrote a very long and elaborately-reasoned letter to the proprietor of one of the publications devoted to reports of sermons, with the view of convincing him that it was a desecration of the Lord's day to employ any person to take down notes of a sermon on that day, with a view to publication.

Mr. Dale has in some instances met with rather rough treatment when in the performance of what he conceives his duties, out of the pulpit. When exerting himself, as just stated, for the abolition of Sunday trading in the parish, he was most virulently and coarsely assailed by a Sunday journal. How does the reader suppose he felt under the abuse thus heaped upon him? That may be best inferred from the fact, that at a public meeting held a few days afterwards in the London Tavern, against Sabbath trading, he read to the crowded audience assembled on the occasion, every word of the article, grossly vituperative as it was. In this respect, I know of few preachers who have more of that moral courage which is so desirable in a minister of the gospel.

In St. Bride's, as in every other metropolitan parish, there are a greater or less number of Deists, or men who care for no religion. From such individuals, Mr. Dale, when applying to them through deputy or otherwise, for any small contribution for religious purposes, has often met with unpleasant rebuffs. In other instances, the answers to such appeals have been of a nature which must have excited his risible faculties, if his proxies communicated those answers to him. I know one instance in which a person, on being asked on behalf of the reverend gentleman, for an Easter offering, presented the party with a copy of Milton's "Treatise on Hirelings in the Church," particularly requesting it might be given to Mr. Dale himself. A similar application was made to another individual, and *his* "Easter Offering" was a copy of Cobbett's "Legacy to Parsons." If either or both of these works were handed to Mr. Dale, and the circumstances under which they were given were fairly stated to him, I am sure, I repeat, he

must have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the matter.

The reverend gentleman's living in St. Bride's, to which he was, unsolicited, presented in 1835, by Sir Robert Peel, is a rather lucrative one. Nominally it is 562*l.* per annum; but I should suppose that one way or other it is little short of 700*l.* a-year. This, with his salary as Professor of English Literature in King's College, and the sum he receives as Evening Lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, must render his income equal to at least 1,200*l.* per annum.

Mr. Dale is a voluminous author, and his writings embrace a considerable variety of subjects both in poetry and prose. His first appearance as an author was in the capacity of poet. This was in 1819, when he brought out his "Widow of the City of Nain;" and other poems. In the following year appeared his "Outlaw of Taurus;" also a poem. In the same volume he gave several scenes from Sophocles, the celebrated Greek dramatist. He afterwards brought out, in two volumes, the

Tragedies of the same writer, translated into English verse; which work was highly eulogised in the Quarterly Review. The success of his first poetical effort induced him to appear, in 1822, a third time in the capacity of poet. It was in this year that his "Irad and Adah," and other poems, with "Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms" appeared. From 1822 up to 1830 the public heard nothing more of him as an author, unless indeed the publication of a detached religious lecture in 1828 could be looked on as a qualification to the remark. In 1830 he appeared as the editor of, and to a very considerable extent a contributor to, a religious Annual then projected, called "The Iris." A second volume of this Annual appeared in 1831, but the expenses of the illustrations and of the getting up generally, were found too great to justify the publication of a third volume. In 1831 he brought out a volume of "Sermons on Doctrinal and Practical Subjects." This volume was followed next year by the publication of "Five Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge."

These discourses Mr. Dale delivered before that university sometime previously.

"The Young Pastor's Guide" proceeded from his pen in 1835, and in the following year a collection of his Poetical Works was brought out. In the course of the same year he published his "Probation for the Christian Ministry, practically considered." This was a small volume in the form of four discourses. Last of all came, in 1837, "A Memorial of Pastoral Ministrations;" also in the form of sermons.

Of Mr. Dale's published sermons I need express no opinion, after what I have already said in speaking of him as a preacher. His poetry is of a very superior cast. In his "Widow of Nain," and indeed in all his larger poems, there are passages of great power; while his smaller pieces every now and then sparkle with beauties, and are deeply embued throughout with the finer feelings of human nature. Where is the father who has lost a beloved child, in whose bosom there will not be

found a cordial response to the truth and tenderness of the following lines, entitled

A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast,
From a fair daughter's cheek;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

When languor from her joyless couch
Hath scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness that comes with night,
Departs not with the day;
To mark the fond endearing smile,
That seeks with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;
To look unconsciously for *her*,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys,—and look *in vain*,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast;
To mark that once illumin'd eye
With Death's dull film o'ercast;
To watch the struggles of the frame
Where earth has no relief,
And hopes of Heaven are breath'd in vain,—
THIS is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb has clos'd
O'er her so lov'd before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For, oh! to dry a mother's tears
Another babe may bloom;
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb?
To think his child is blest above—
To hope their parting brief,
These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

Some of my readers may be desirous of seeing a specimen of Mr. Dale's projected new translation of the Psalms. I therefore subjoin the following, only premising that I do not single it out because I deem it the most favourable to

his talents as a translator in verse, of the Psalmody of David, but because the psalm (the eighth) is one of the shortest:—

O Lord! our Lord! to thy dread name
Through earth's wide bounds what praise is given:
How hast thou set thy matchless fame
Above the highest arch of Heaven!
From infant lips at thy command
Glad hymns of praise triumphant flow;
Ordained to quell the adverse band,
And still and shame the avenging foe.

When on the bright broad heavens I gaze,
Fram'd by Jehovah's hand divine;
The silver moon—the starry rays—
And own the living glories Thine;
Oh, what is man, vain man! that he
Should thus Thy kind remembrance share?
Or what his race, that such should be
The object of Jehovah's care?

If not in angel robes of light,
Thy hand the incarnate Son array'd—
Another name, a crown more bright,
His transient lowliness repaid—
Thy love to Him unbounded sway
O'er all thy subject works has given;
Bowed at his footstool, all obey;
Or tribes of earth, or hosts of heaven.

Mr. Dale's personal appearance is not imposing. He is under the middle stature, but

rather firmly made. In his gait he has a slight stoop. Usually when walking in the streets, his eyes look towards the pavement, as if he were lost in contemplation. I believe his mind is often occupied with some train of thought when proceeding along the streets or lanes of London. His complexion is of a dark pale, if there be not a contradiction in the expression. His face is somewhat thin; his brow is narrow, and slightly contracted. His eye-brows are prominent and projecting. His features are not otherwise marked. His hair is sandy-coloured, and "stands" as the phrase is, erect; especially that portion of it which surmounts the forehead. His light grey eye has a comparatively heavy dull appearance when out of the pulpit. In the pulpit, especially when he has fairly entered into the heart of his subject, it is clear, quick, and penetrating. The usual expression of his countenance is that of a sedateness verging on melancholy; but when he ascends the pulpit, it appears much more lively and animated. His age I should take to be about forty-seven or forty-eight.

The Rev. John Harding, Rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars,* is a well-known clergyman among the

* The celebrated Mr. Romaine was many years Rector of St. Ann's. A tablet was erected to his memory, soon after his death, at the further end of the church. The tablet contains the following inscription :—

In a Vault beneath lies the Mortal Part
Of the Rev. William Romaine, A.M.
Thirty years Rector of these United Parishes, and Forty-Six
years Lecturer of St. Dunstan in the West.
Raised up of God
For an important Work in his Church;
A Scholar of extensive Learning; a Christian of eminent Piety;
A Preacher of peculiar Gifts and Animation;
Consecrating all his Talents to the Investigation of Sacred Truth,
During a Ministry of more than half a century,
He lived, conversed, and wrote only to exalt the Saviour.
Mighty in the Scriptures,
He ably defended with Eloquence and Zeal,
The *equal* Perfections of a Triune Jehovah, exhibited
In Man's Redemption;
The Father's everlasting Love;
The *Atonement*, *Righteousness* and complete Salvation of the Son,
The *Regenerating Influence* of the Eternal Spirit,
With the Operations and *Enjoyments* of a *perfect Faith*.
When displaying the essential Doctrines of the Gospel,
With a *Simplicity* and *Fervour* rarely united,
His enlivened Countenance expressed the Joy of his Soul.
God Owned the Truth;
And Multitudes raised from Guilt and Ruin to the Hope of eternal Felicity
Became Seals to his Ministry and the
Blessings and Ornaments of Society.
Having manifested the Purity of his Principles in his Life to the age of 81,
He in July 26, 1795, departed in the Triumph of Faith,
And entered into Glory.

evangelical portion of the religious community. He succeeded the late Rev. Isaac Sanders, who suddenly fell down in the pulpit and instantly died, on New Year's Day 1836; the last words he uttered being those of his text, namely, "And ye are complete in Him." There is nothing showy in Mr. Harding's style of preaching, and consequently few persons are taken with him on hearing a first or second sermon. They may be pleased; certainly they will not be dissatisfied; but they do not come away admiring him. The more he is heard, however, the more, in the generality of cases, is he liked. His own people are exceedingly fond of his preaching; some of them prefer him to any other of our metropolitan ministers. His views are clear and strictly orthodox. If he cannot be called eloquent, his sermons have the greater merit of always having a strongly practical tendency. His matter does not strike the hearer by either originality or depth, but it is for the most part well sustained. His discourses evidence, both by their arrangement and by the appropriateness of the illustrations which he

brings to bear on his positions, more than ordinary care in their preparation. His pulpit exhibitions at once impress the mind of the stranger with the conviction that his heart is in his work. There is an earnestness in his manner which can be accounted for on no other supposition. This earnestness, let me remark, is not the earnestness of vehement gesticulation; for of gesture he is very sparing; it is the earnestness of his looks and the tones of his voice. Contrary to what is usual in the delivery of sermons, Mr. Harding is as animated in his brief exordium as in any subsequent part of the discourse. Occasionally, indeed, he flags in his manner; but not often, nor for any length of time. He does not use a paper: he has a slip or two of manuscript before him, containing, I suppose, the heads and particulars of his discourse, with, very probably, a few of the leading positions he intends to illustrate. He might as well leave it at home; he makes no use of it; but gets through his sermon with great seeming ease, without hesitation and without stammering; and this, too, though his

discourses usually occupy full three-quarters of an hour in the delivery. His utterance is rapid rather than otherwise. His enunciation is distinct, but his voice is deficient both in power and variety. Here, however, I must state, that it appears to me that there is something in the construction of the church which impairs the effect of his voice. Of this, I am certain, that Mr. Harding's voice appears to greater advantage in most other churches in which he has occasion, now and then, to preach, than in his own.

I have already said that he is economical of his gesture. For a time he is quite stationary as far as his arms are concerned; but in the course of five or six minutes, he makes a moderate use of his right arm. By-and-bye a little motion is imparted to his left, and afterwards both arms are used at once, though never very liberally. One of his favourite gestures is to clasp both hands together, and to rest them in that state alternately, though at intervals of some length, on the cushion of the pulpit and on the lower part of his breast.

Mr. Harding is about the general height, and of the usual circumference. His features are small, and the expression of his countenance, though plain, is pleasing. His forehead is rather straight and low. His eyes are small and dark. The shape of his face is oval. His complexion verges on a swarthy hue, and his hair is of a jet-black colour. His lips are exceedingly thick. He has the appearance of one who enjoys excellent health. I should take him to be about his forty-third or forty-fourth year. His congregation cannot be much under a thousand persons. I cannot say what the exact amount of his income from St. Ann's is, but I am convinced it is not under six hundred pounds per annum.

The Rev. Dr. Croly, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is a gentleman who is as well-known as an author, as he is as a clergymen. To his achievements in his former capacity, I shall have occasion afterwards to refer. As a preacher, the reverend gentleman is not so generally known in the metropolis as the distinction he

has attained in literature, and the frequency with which his name, in connection with theology, appears before the public, would lead us to expect. He is exceedingly popular with many of his own parishioners, and is much admired by a certain class of hearers whenever he has occasion to preach in any other church; but still, he is not run after in the same way as are most of the other clergymen whose names will be found in this work. Dr. Croly's admirers do not belong to that portion of the community who entertain what are called evangelical views. His preaching would never do for them. His admirers are that class of persons who substitute a high order of intellect, eloquent language, and mere morality, for the vital truths of the gospel. The reverend gentleman naturally possesses a mind of no ordinary vigour, which he has carefully cultivates with all the appliances within his reach. He strikes out new trains of thought, and works them with skill and effect. His matter is unlike that of any other preacher of the present day. His modes of thinking are pecu-

liarly his own; and though an original, or I would rather prefer the term peculiar thinker, I do not conceive that he can with strict propriety of language be called a profound thinker. He is not one whose matter is of a nature to require an effort on the part of his hearers to follow him: every thing he says is of easy comprehension, provided an ordinary amount of attention be paid to him. He is not so remarkable for the brilliancy of particular conceptions, as for the sustained superiority of the entire sermon. He can reason closely and conclusively when he applies his mind to argumentation; but you at once perceive, that to indulge in refined or lengthened reasoning is not the natural tendency of his mind. Effort is apparent in every successive sentence of his argumentative passages. The leading attribute in the constitution of Dr. Croly's intellect, is his imagination, which is singularly strong. It is true, it does not run riot in the pulpit as it does in his works of fiction. It does not in his sermons, as in his novels and romances, clothe every thing it touches with a

luxuriance which dazzles and confounds.—Though it obviously requires a strenuous and unremitting effort to restrain, in the pulpit, the imaginative tendencies of his mind, that effort is, to a certain extent, crowned with success; not, however, with such an amount of success as to prevent the intelligent hearer from perceiving how vigorous and lively the reverend gentleman's imagination is. He is exceedingly partial, in his pulpit ministrations, to detailed references to ecclesiastical history; with which he seems to be very intimately conversant. Indeed, I heard him mention in a sermon he preached in St. Martin's church, one Friday in March last, that he had made all matters appertaining to church history his peculiar study. He is fond, too, of expatiating on the evidences of Christianity, and in asserting the superiority of the Church, as by law established, to all other religious systems. A very considerable part of his pulpit discourses, will be found to consist of matter of either or of all of the three kinds I have mentioned. He rarely touches on doctrinal matters. On doctrines immediately

relating to the heart or conscience, in the sense in which the terms are understood by the evangelical party in the Church, he does not, so far as my knowledge extends, touch at all. If I understand the import of the word "evangelical," he is not, as may be inferred from what I have stated in a previous part of this sketch, a preacher of that class. The man of cultivated mind unaccompanied with vital piety may at all times calculate on a treat of no ordinary character, from the preaching of Dr. Croly; and the probability is, that along with this intellectual treat he will derive no inconsiderable amount of instruction. But I should deem it the most unlikely thing in the world, that a person should come away from hearing a sermon of the reverend gentleman's, impressed with a deep conviction of the evil of sin or of his own guilt, or admiring the finished work of Christ. I should be much surprised indeed, were I to be informed that any one had, under a discourse of Dr. Croly's, been so appalled by a discovery of his culpability before God, as that he had, on his return home, entered his

closet, and, shutting the door, fallen on his knees, exclaiming in an agony of soul, "What must I do to be saved?"

Dr. Croly usually finishes his sermons quite abruptly. You may guess from the clock when he is drawing towards a conclusion; but you would not have the slightest idea from his matter or manner, whether or not he was in the middle or almost at the end of his discourse, half a dozen sentences before you hear him uttering the words—"Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," &c. —words which, I may mention for the information of those not in the habit of worshipping in the Church of England, are invariably used immediately after the close of the sermon.

Dr. Croly's style is eloquent in the highest degree, though his eloquence is of a peculiar kind. It is a style which is entirely the reverend gentleman's own: it has not only no parallel in the case of any other living orator or writer; but I know of no speaker or author of a previous period, whose style Dr. Croly could have fixed on as his model. His eloquence is remarkable

for its oriental luxuriance. It is so rich in imagery and metaphor of a striking kind, as to impart a dazzling brilliancy to matter which, if expressed in ordinary phraseology, would be regarded as of a very common-place character. Its remarkable richness, indeed, absolutely cloys the intellectual taste. Dr. Croly's works, to be read with pleasure, must be read by piece-meal. The remark would apply with equal force to his preaching, were he to preach for some hours in succession. There are ministers of the gospel whose eloquence is of that easy and delightful kind, that you could listen to them with unabated pleasure for three or four hours at a time: Dr. Croly begins to pall on the mind or the ear—I do not know which of the terms is the right one—by the time he has addressed his audience for three quarters of an hour,—just as the physical stomach sickens soonest with the richest sweetmeats.

Dr. Croly's style is generally considered artificial. I am of a different opinion. I admit that no other speaker or writer could express himself in the same phraseology, or any thing

like it, as that which Dr. Croly employs,—without the most laborious effort; but then, it is to be remembered, that not only are different minds differently constituted as regards habits of thought, but that in many cases they are equally so as respects the mode of giving expression to their ideas. Take, for instance, Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst. They are both men of distinguished talent; but their style is as different as can be. That of Lord Lyndhurst is easy, natural, and perspicuous: Lord Brougham's, on the other hand, is involved and intricate to a degree I never witnessed in the style of any other speaker of distinction. And yet Lord Brougham's diction, though no other individual could express himself without great effort, if even then, in language any thing like it, is as natural to him as the style of Lord Lyndhurst is to that noble lord. It would, in other words, be as difficult if not impossible, for Lord Brougham to make one of his great speeches in language similar to that which Lord Lyndhurst employs, as it would be for the latter noble lord success-

fully to imitate the diction of Lord Brougham. On the same principle I am quite satisfied, that Dr. Croly's style, however artificial or elaborate it may appear to others, is to himself perfectly natural. I am convinced, that to express his ideas in the easy perspicuous diction which is generally employed both by speakers and writers, would require on the part of the reverend gentleman, great and incessant labour. That his style is not affected or artificial so far as concerns himself, is a fact of which I feel the more fully assured, from the circumstance of his not only delivering the far greater portion of his sermons without referring to his paper, but also from that of his expressing his thoughts in similar phraseology when he speaks extemporaneously; which he often does, in parts at least of his speeches, when addressing public meetings.

Dr. Croly attracts the attention of his audience the moment he commences his discourse. He has a stentorian voice, though occasionally there is a degree of huskiness in its tones; and his first sentence is pitched on a loud key. He makes no use of his arms

until some time after he has begun his sermon; but contemporaneously with the utterance of the first word, he throws back his head, and begins moving it with some rapidity. His exordium generally occupies about six or seven minutes in the delivery; during which he only once or twice looks at his paper, and even then the glance is so momentary, that he who would discover it must keep a watchful eye on the reverend gentleman. Afterwards he refers to his paper; once perhaps on an average every minute and a half; but, as will be inferred from what I before stated, he does not then read from it, but, as it were, catches a word or part of a sentence, which suffices to enable him to get on easily and fluently for some time afterwards. In eight or ten minutes after he has begun his sermon, he calls his arms into full play; especially his right arm, which he first thrusts perpendicularly in the air, and then conveying his hand rapidly to the left side of his head, he makes as sudden and tremendous a sweep with it in a contrary direction, as if his intention were to throw it away altogether.

If any one happened to be within reach of Dr. Croly's hand on such occasions, he would receive a blow which he would be in no danger of forgetting during the remainder of his life. At times he gesticulates to some extent with his left arm. Occasionally he raises both arms at once; but his most frequent motion in the way of gesture, is to lift his right hand as high as he can, and then to cause it to descend to his side, with all the force and rapidity he can command. His voice, though as before mentioned somewhat harsh or husky at times, is for the most part pleasant enough. It is especially so—indeed, I would say there is then a degree of softness about it,—when in a pathetic mood; or when his matter is of a consoling kind. His delivery is rather rapid, which now and then aggravates a sort of natural indistinctness that there is in his enunciation of certain words. His appearance in the pulpit is commanding, and there are an earnestness and energy in his manner which are not often to be found in preachers of the moderate or high church party. He is one

of the most liberal high churchmen I know. He admits that the Church of Scotland forms a part of the church of Christ, though the party to whom he belongs, almost to a man, unchurch every other denomination of Christians.

Dr. Croly shines on the platform as well as in the pulpit. At public meetings he has made some brilliant displays. Two or three years ago he delivered a Church-and-State speech at a Conservative dinner in the borough of Finsbury, which, I am told, threw the assemblage into ecstacies.

He appears to great advantage in private conversation, provided the right means be taken to draw him out. Few men enjoy a joke at the dinner-table with greater zest. He is generally the lion of the party. Every thing he says is listened to with the greatest attention. He loves occasionally to take advantage of the homage accorded to him in this way, by working up the expectation of something brilliant, to the highest pitch, and then saying some ludicrous thing. Some time ago he was at dinner in the house of a friend; when the

conversation of the party, which I should observe consisted exclusively of literary men, turned on the important discoveries which had of late years been made in the arts and sciences. "And now, gentlemen," said Dr Croly, "what do you consider the greatest discovery of the present day?" Some mentioned discoveries in chemistry; some in mechanics; some named the discovery of the power of steam; and some that of flying through the air in balloons. In a word, there was scarcely a discovery of any importance which has been made in the present day which was not mentioned by one or other of the gentlemen present, as the greatest discovery. "But, Dr. Croly," said one of the company, after everybody else had expressed their opinions on the subject—"but, Dr. Croly, you have not told us what *you* deem the greatest discovery of the present age."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, with the greatest gravity possible, "if my opinion on the point is thought worth anything, it is quite at the service of the company. It is certainly very

different from any opinion I have heard this night expressed."

There was a breathless silence to hear what the reverend gentleman's opinion was.

"My decided conviction, gentlemen," resumed Dr. Croly, "is, that immeasurably the most important discovery which the present age has witnessed, is that of roasting potatoes in tin canisters in the streets. A potatoe toasted in this way is the greatest luxury I ever tasted, especially if eaten on a cold night as you walk along the streets." A loud and universal burst of laughter, greeted the delivery of the odd conception. It was felt to be a new illustration of the old affair of a flourish of trumpets preceding the entrance of Tom Thumb.

There are few authors whose leading works are better known than those of Dr. Croly. His "Salathiel, or the Wandering Jew," and his volume on the Apocalypse, are perhaps the must generally circulated of his various books. About ten or twelve years since, he conducted

the Monthly Magazine for some time. He still occasionally contributes to periodicals. He has written several articles, some of them of no ordinary brilliancy, for the Church Quarterly Review. It is understood, that he has a new work of fiction ready for the press, if not actually in it, which is intended as a continuation of, or sequel to, his "Salmathiel."

Dr. Croly is a poet. Some of his poems are of considerable length. The largest and perhaps, taken all in all, the best, is entitled "Paris in 1815." It was written immediately after a visit to that capital, while in possession of the Allies. He has written one or two dramas; but they are heavy, arising chiefly from a too palpable display of the scholar in them. All the reverend gentleman's poetic efforts were collected and published in two volumes in 1830. They are very unequal. Some are exceedingly good; others are very bad; but most of them belong to that class of merit, if merit it be, which is expressed by the term mediocrity. The following short piece, entitled "The

Genius of Death," is not without either force or feeling: —

"What is Death?" 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave,
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool, lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on

Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

Dr. Croly's congregation is not large; neither is his living a lucrative one. His income is only nominally three hundred and thirty-two pounds per annum; but then there is a free house belonging to his rectoryship, which may be considered equal to another hundred pounds a-year. Easter offerings, and marriage and funeral fees, &c. may produce about one hundred pounds more; making his living worth, in a round sum, five hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

Dr. Croly's personal appearance is striking. He is tall and athletic. He is just such a person as one would suppose possessed of great physical strength. His face is somewhat full, and his complexion is fresh and indicative of health. His hair is short and dark, with some symptoms of a tendency towards a greyish hue. The sloping form of his forehead, which is very low, strikes the eye more on account of the

shortness of his hair in front. There is something marked in his features, chiefly in consequence of the prominence of his dark eyelashes, and the unusually large space between them. His eyes are of a dark grey, and are quick and penetrating in their motions. His whiskers are small and worn very short. The aspect of his countenance conveys the idea of great boldness and energy; attributes which are prominent in all his conduct. His moral courage is great: let him only be convinced of what is the path of duty, and he will perseveringly pursue it, without wasting a thought on the probable consequences. He wears his gown open; so that the audience are enabled to perceive that his pocket handkerchief is thrust into the breast of his half-buttoned coat. I should take his age to be above rather than under fifty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—ASSISTANTS OR LECTURERS.

The Rev. J. F. Denham — The Rev. M. Hobart Seymour — The Rev. Watts Wilkinson.

THE Rev. J. F. DENHAM, curate of St. Mary's in the Strand, and evening lecturer in St. Bride's, is a clergyman whose personal appearance alone attracts many persons to hear him. He is of the middle height, but very stout. His head is large and massy, and is made to appear more so than it is, by the unusual length and abundance of his hair. His crop of hair, which is of a jet-black hue, is, I have no doubt, an object of careful cultivation. Instead of being like that of most other persons who put themselves to any trouble in the arrangement of their hair, combed to the right side of his face, he gives it an opposite

direction. It is adjusted so as to cover the greater part of his left brow, and come within a quarter of an inch or thereabout of his left eye. Thus, between the reverend gentleman's ample head and face, the quantity of his hair, and his mode of adjusting it, his appearance is not only striking, but it is unlike that of any other man I know. I have never seen any one who so nearly resembles Mr. Denham in personal appearance, as did George the Fourth. Those who have got a good portrait of that monarch, will be able to form some idea of the reverend gentleman's round face, pluffy cheeks, small pleasing eyes, and abundant hair; only that the arrangement of the hair in the case of the monarch, was different from what it is in the case of the preacher. Mr. Denham's complexion is clear, and of a healthy hue. His features are small though his face be so large. The expression of his countenance is on the whole agreeable. A physiognomist would read benevolence in it; and his science would, in that instance at least, be in perfect accordance with the truth; for the reverend gentleman

has the character of being a very benevolent and charitable man.

Mr. Denham cannot be classed among the evangelical ministers of the metropolis. He was, I am aware, looked upon for many years as belonging to that party; but he has not been so considered for some time past. What his doctrinal views are, I am not in a condition to say. Of this I am certain, that no one would be able to infer his religious creed from his sermons; or if so, his discourses must be of a widely different character from those which I have heard him deliver. He is partial to giving series after series of sermons on particular subjects; but those subjects have usually a closer connection with natural religion than with the theology of the Bible. The exhibition of the perfections of the Divine Being which is furnished in the volumes of creation and providence, is with him a favourite topic; and he often treats his subject without any reference worthy of the name, to the scheme of redemption. The last sermon I heard him preach was on the third of February of the present

year. The subject was winter, and his text was that clause in one of the Psalms, in which the "sweet singer of Israel," in ascribing all things to the agency of the Deity, says, "Thou hast made the winter." The reverend gentleman, before giving out his subject, said that he had been induced to interrupt for one Sunday, the series of discourses which he had been giving for several weeks previously on a particular subject, in order to deliver one sermon on the season. It awkwardly enough happened that the subject after all did not, in strict propriety of speech, relate to the season: for the subject, as already mentioned, was winter, while the delivery of the discourse took place in spring. The sermon consisted entirely of natural theology. It was just such a discourse as might be given by one who did not believe in revelation. There was not the remotest allusion to any of the distinguishing truths of the gospel; unless an exception should be made in favour of a remark towards the close, to the effect that Christ had by his resurrection become the first fruits of those who shall rise from

the dead. The reverend gentleman made this allusion to the resurrection of Christ on the ground of its being analogous to the revival in nature which takes place in spring, after the torpor or state of death which so extensively prevails in winter. He dwelt on such facts as that the wisdom and goodness of God are strikingly displayed in sending us the cold and inclement weather of winter; inasmuch as many noxious insects are thereby destroyed which, without such weather, would propagate so rapidly as to render an existence in Great Britain impossible. He instanced, in illustration of his views on this point, the case of the common wasp, which he said would, but for frosty weather, increase so rapidly as to render this country uninhabitable in the short space of thirty years.

In the course of the sermon to which I refer, Mr. Denham evinced an intimate acquaintance with such writers as Linnæus, Lieuenhoeck, Buffon, and other popular writers on natural philosophy. He gave copious quotations from Paley's Natural Theology, and from agricultural

reports; but he only in one or two instances made use of scriptural phraseology. Mr. Denham's discourse would have been very well as a moral lecture delivered at some literary or mechanics' institution; but to the character of a gospel sermon, it had not the slightest pretensions. To call it by that name, would be one of the greatest misnomers ever committed. To me it appeared a desecration of the ministerial office, to deliver such a discourse on a Sabbath-day to a congregation avowedly met for the purpose of hearing the gospel of Christ preached to them. And the prayer which followed was, I should not omit to mention, in perfect keeping with the sermon. It was not the one prescribed by the Church, but was written by the reverend gentleman for the occasion, and occupied about five minutes in the delivery.

I should not have referred so particularly to this discourse of the reverend gentleman's, were it not that sermons of a similar character are often delivered by him. Such a system of preaching cannot be expected to be blessed for

the conversion of sinners or the edification of saints. I regret Mr. Denham's departure from, or rejection of, evangelical truth the more, because he is a man of superior talent and cultivated mind, and possesses several attractive qualities as a preacher. His style is elegant without being laboured. He rarely descends to common-place; he frequently rises into eloquence of a high order. His voice is not in his favour. It is monotonous, and partakes largely of a melancholy or plaintive tone. You would be apt to imagine, from its muffled sort of sound, that it came from the bottom of the pulpit, instead of the reverend gentleman's mouth. Were his matter of a more serious or solemn nature, his preaching, owing to the peculiar qualities of his voice, would have a most impressive effect on the mind of the hearer.

Mr. Denham is not a loud speaker; but he contrives to make himself audible in all parts of St. Bride's; which is twice as commodious as St. Mary's in the Strand, where he preaches in the morning. His utterance has more than the average rapidity; and yet he preaches

nearly twice as long at a time, as the generality of the moderate or moral party of clergymen in London, do. His sermons seldom occupy less than an hour in the delivery; an hour and a quarter is not unfrequent. Perhaps the longest sermon he has ever preached, was one which he delivered in St. Mary's on a Tuesday evening about Christmas last. The delivery occupied nearly an hour and three quarters; and what rendered the circumstance of the reverend gentleman's extending his discourse to such a length, the more singular was, the fact of there being but a very small congregation present to hear it. There may have been some forty or fifty females in the church on the occasion; but the number of our sex could not have exceeded a dozen.

Mr. Denham usually confines himself so closely to the paper for the first ten or twelve minutes after he commences, and at the same time, owing, I presume, to a deficiency of sight, holds his head so near his manuscript, that you wonder that he does not find the sustained effort to be painful. Then he with-

draws his eyes from the paper altogether, and standing erect in the pulpit, addresses the congregation for four or five minutes without the aid of his writing at all. He must have an extraordinary memory; for I heard him one evening give two or three lengthened quotations from Paley's Natural Theology; and though these embraced a great many scientific and technical terms, he went on as fluently and with as much seeming ease as if he had been reading all the time.

Mr. Denham is not half so popular as he once was. Eight or ten years ago, he was more run after than any other minister in London, except Mr. Irving. St. Bride's church presented the appearance, every Sunday evening, of a theatre crowded to suffocation. He is still popular with a considerable number of very respectable and intelligent persons. His cultivated literary taste, and the eloquent passages with which his discourses abound, are the principal causes of whatever popularity he yet retains. He is in the prime of life; being somewhere about his forty-fifth year. I should think his income from the two churches

with which he is connected cannot be less than five hundred pounds a-year. The only work, so far as I am aware, of which he is the author, is a small volume addressed to mothers, on the education of their children. The little work is well written, and has had a fair sale. It appeared two or three years ago.

The Rev. M. HOBART SEYMOUR, evening lecturer in St. George's, Southwark, and afternoon lecturer in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, is one of the rising preachers among the clergy in London. As yet his reputation, though spreading, can hardly be said to be general; but this need not excite surprise, as he is not only a young man—being, I should think, on the more pleasant side of forty—but has only been a few years in the metropolis. By several persons in the congregations to which he habitually preaches, his pulpit ministrations are regarded as of a first-rate order of merit. Some of them, indeed, have mentioned to me that they look upon him as equal to any clergyman in London. To estimate his talents as a preacher

so highly as this, is only to play the part of injudicious friends. It is to do the reverend gentleman a positive injury; for it excites expectations which are not realised when the stranger has an opportunity of hearing him. He is more than a respectable preacher; and, considering his age, there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition, that he is destined at some future day, should his life be spared, to rank higher as a preacher than he yet does, among the evangelical clergy of the metropolis. More than this his judicious friends—I hope I may, if there be not an Irishism in the expression, include himself among the number—would not, I am sure, wish to be said of him.

One of the most prominent attributes in the discourses of Mr. Seymour, is the clearness of his ideas. Obtuse indeed, or strangely inattentive to what the reverend gentleman says, must be the mind of the person who could quit the place in which he had been preaching, with any erroneous view, or doubt, or misgiving as to what he had advanced. He is manifestly one of those who have acquired habits of clear and

connected thinking, and who possess the enviable faculty of making their views or sentiments as obvious to other people's minds, as they appear to their own. I was struck with the singular clearness of his notions respecting various circumstances connected with the Temple under the Jewish dispensation, and the explicit manner in which he expounded intricate passages of scripture bearing on the subject, in a sermon, or rather a species of lecture, which he delivered in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, one Sabbath afternoon in February of the present year. As an expositor, he appears to advantage. He throws much light on obscure passages of the scriptures, and brings the results of varied reading to his aid; but studiously abstains from wasting his own time or the time of his hearers by any thing in the form of mere critical or learned display. His mode of expounding the word of God is, on the contrary, remarkable for its plainness. It is not only appreciated by the more intelligent part of his congregation, but is easily comprehensible by, as it is intended for, all.

Mr. Seymour's sermons are, for the most part, highly doctrinal and the doctrines which he inculcates have, in their very nature, a strongly practical tendency. I have sometimes thought, however, that his ministrations would have a still greater chance of being extensively blessed, were he not, in so many cases, to content himself with the mere inculcation of doctrine, or the statement of truth, but were to give a special and direct application of the doctrines and truths he brings forward, to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. And here I must make a single passing observation. I always regret when I see a minister of the gospel satisfying himself with a simple annunciation of evangelical truth. I like to see a specific application, if not of every single or detached truth, at least of every connected series of truths, made to the minds of all present. Ministers should not leave their people to deduce inferences from their doctrinal statements, however obvious those inferences may be supposed to be; but the Christian pastor should make the legitimate and more practical deduc-

tions for his hearers, and press those deductions on their consciences.

Mr. Seymour's discourses do not exhibit much of either depth or originality. The chief merit of his matter consists in its evangelical character, and in the clearness to which I have already alluded. I ought not to omit to add, that it has the merit of being condensed. His ideas, if not of a lofty order, are numerous. He is not a wordy preacher; his style is plain and perspicuous, but wants vigour. It has seldom any of the ornaments of rhetoric; nor does it indicate any undue previous amount of labour.

Mr. Seymour's manner wants animation. It is usually tame and actionless. His arms are rarely put in requisition; but during the greater portion of his discourse, are suffered to rest on the pulpit. In his left hand you usually see a small Bible, which is the only copy of the Scriptures which he uses in the pulpit. He has no paper. He has not even a slip containing the heads of his sermon. When he has got fairly into his subject, he slowly raises his

right arm and makes two or three gentle motions with it. Occasionally, when he has warmed still further, he thrusts his right hand up in a perpendicular direction above his head. There is usually, in such cases, a corresponding alteration in the tones of his voice, which are, for the most part, very monotonous. His voice has then a depth and solemnity about it, of which there are no indications when speaking in his ordinary manner. And between the striking attitude he assumes in such moments, and the solemnity which characterises the tones of his voice, there is something very impressive in his delivery. When worked up to more than his accustomed warmth of manner, he moves about very freely in the pulpit, and looks to every part of the area of the church before him. His utterance is deliberate almost to a fault. It is to the deliberate way in which he speaks that I ascribe a peculiarity in his pronunciation, which persons who did not know him better, would be apt to ascribe to affectation. He makes wry faces when addressing an audience: the positions into which he puts his

mouth are often awkward. In other respects there is nothing peculiar about his delivery. He speaks with much apparent ease, scarcely ever having occasion to pause a moment for a word, and still less rarely using a wrong one and then having to correct himself. Towards the conclusion of his discourse, he generally clasps his hands with considerable fervour, and makes some slight motions with them in their united state.*

I am not aware that Mr. Seymour can, in strict propriety of speech, be classed among contemporary authors. I know of no work he has written; but a few of his sermons have appeared in the Pulpit, and other publications of a similar class.

He is a decided Churchman. He rarely

* It is right to state that my description of Mr. Seymour's manner applies only to his preaching in St. Ann's; not having had an opportunity of hearing him in St. George's. From some facts which have been mentioned to me by one of his hearers in the latter place, I am inclined to believe that he is more animated there. This I regard as the more likely, as I am assured that in St. George's he draws a very numerous audience. In St. Ann's, the church, though small, is but thinly attended when he preaches.

preaches a sermon in which his strong partialities towards the Hierarchy, do not more or less prominently manifest themselves. He is liberal in his denunciations both of Roman Catholics and Dissenters. I heard him preach a sermon a few months ago in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, in which he laid down the position, that the only way by which a human being could enter the church above, was by entering the church on earth; or that, to speak in different phraseology, there was no way to heaven but by becoming a member of the church below. He then proceeded to say, that the position he had laid down, or the doctrines he had advanced, led to grave and solemn reflections as regarded the case of those persons calling themselves Baptists, Anti-pædobaptists, Anabaptists, and so forth; of which class of persons many died without visibly entering the church at all. I am sure, that in his more cool and deliberate moments, the reverend gentleman would not wish it to be inferred, that he conceived that the mere circumstance of a converted or pious person dying, without having openly joined

some Christian body, would necessarily exclude that person from the mansions of glory. He could not, with the case of the thief on the cross before him, be so uncharitable. The tenor of his observations on this as on most other occasions, pointed to the decided superiority of the church over the various denominations of Dissenters.

But still more decided was the manifestation of hostile feeling towards the Dissenters, which the reverend gentleman showed in the same place, on the previous Sabbath-day. His text on that occasion was—"Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core. These are spots in your feasts of charity, when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear: clouds they are without water, carried about of wind; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots: raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame: wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." *Jude* 11—13.

He represented "Cain" as meaning Socinianism; "Balaam" as indicative of the Papists, and "Korah," as signifying the Dissenters. After observing that Korah, Dathan, and Abiram sought to take unto themselves the priesthood, the reverend gentleman proceeded as follows:—

"And what is this but the sin of Dissent? The spirit of liberty and equality has walked abroad through the land; and the history of our age is characterised by a contempt for all authority, whether civil or ecclesiastical. Men are resisting civil authority, and men are resisting ecclesiastical authority. Men have adopted the principle, 'that all the congregation is holy'—that they have holy men among them, that they have gifted men among them, that they have men who have got 'a call' among them—and that as they have these men, as holy and as eloquent as those who were appointed by Moses and Aaron—quite as holy and as eloquent as those ordained in the duly appointed form, therefore they will seize 'the priesthood also.' And *they have* seized

the priesthood also. These men have not only aspired to the priesthood, but they have put forth their hand to seize the ark itself; and in a spirit unparalleled heretofore, they that call themselves Christians sit in council with Socinians, and they that call themselves Protestants, sit in conclave with Papists, in order to crush the priesthood and destroy the church.

"I know it will be said, that there are a great many amiable, good, pious, sincere people among the Dissenters. To which I answer, there are a great many amiable, good, pious, sincere people in their way, among the Papists; but as notwithstanding this God said unto such, 'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven and God hath remembered her iniquities'—so we say unto these persons among the Dissenting congregations, as Moses said unto those that gathered unto Korah, 'Depart I pray you from the tents of these wicked men,

and touch nothing of theirs, lest ye be consumed in all their sins.'"

Again,—

"These men have gained possession of too much, and too many of our people, and the population of this land have been brought up without a religious education, and, consequently, without those attachments to the Established Church, which a religiously educated population would most surely have. This is our present state; and so resolved are our antagonists, so prepared are they to sacrifice every sacred principle to carry out their purpose, that even those Dissenters (I speak of them without any mawkish affectation of respect, *for I feel no respect for them*)—those Dissenters, who affect to have withdrawn from our Church because it was too Popish for them, have not only allied themselves with Papists, but have done so in order to carry into effect the Popish principle of excluding the Scriptures from the schools of our children; and thus the awful catastrophe ('Oh! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!') the

awful catastrophe of re-establishing the Popish prohibition of the Scriptures to our children, is now to be achieved by the Dissenters of England!"

Once more:—

"And as for the Dissenters, we question not that they have borne fruit in the day of the Church's silence, and the Church's slumber; but now they are themselves 'withered,' and withering unto others; the deadness of religion among them, and the low standard of theology at present received among them, show that they are as 'trees plucked up by the root;' their sap has left them—their life, their glory, has departed."

I am not able to mention the exact time at which Mr. Seymour changed his opinion of the Dissenters; neither do I know what were the circumstances under which the change of this opinion occurred; but I may mention, that the change is of a comparatively recent date; for only a few years have elapsed since Mr. Seymour thought so favourably of the Dissenters, that he expressed a desire to preach in

the Rev. Dr. Liefchild's chapel. Circumstances, however, prevented the reverend gentleman enjoying the gratification of preaching in a Dissenting chapel in London.

Mr. Seymour is much more popular with the audiences he is accustomed to address, than with congregations to whom he is a comparative stranger. Some time ago he was invited to preach to Mr. Tottenham's large congregation in Bath. The discourses he delivered in that fashionable place, had what is called a moving effect. The congregation experienced a serious diminution during the period he filled the pulpit. But to this point I have no wish to refer at any length.

Mr. Seymour is an Irishman; but has very little of the broad accent or brogue peculiar to the natives of the Emerald Isle. He was for several years a curate in that country. The result of his personal observation of the workings of Popery, has been to inspire him with the decided hostility to that system of faith to which I have before alluded. I should also mention, that the circumstance of his filling for some

time the office of Secretary to the Irish Protestant Association, necessarily afforded him peculiar opportunities of becoming conversant with the nature and operations of the Romish religion. He displayed to great advantage his intimate acquaintance with Popish theology, in a public discussion which he and the Rev. Mr. Page held at Guildford, in October last, with the Rev. Mr. Sidden, a Roman Catholic priest, on the leading points of difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. He proved himself, on that occasion, to be an acute controversialist, and to be possessed of very ample extemporaneous resources. In fact, the reverend gentleman appears to much greater advantage on the platform than he does in the pulpit.

In person Mr. Seymour is tall and slender. His face is thin, and wears a sedateness of expression amounting to reserve. It has more of an angular than of any other shape. His forehead is of a slightly receding form. His eyebrows are prominent, principally from the circumstance of their protruding somewhat largely.

There is a paleness about his complexion which would lead one to infer that his health is delicate; though I have not heard anything to that effect. His hair is black, and abundant rather than otherwise. His whiskers are not large, and are of a dark-brown complexion. His eye is sharp and intelligent, and quick in its motions when he is preaching. What the amount of his income from the two churches is, I have not been able to learn; but I should think it is probably from four to five hundred pounds per annum.

The Rev. WATTS WILKINSON, lecturer of St. Mary's, Aldermary,* which is directly opposite the east end of the Bank of England, is a minister of the gospel of whom I would wish to speak with peculiar reverence. Indeed I can truly say, that I have never witnessed a more interesting sight, in so far as

* This church is supposed to have been founded in the beginning of the twelfth century. It is the church of the united parishes of St. Mary and St. Thomas. These parishes are the smallest perhaps ever heard of in a large town. The first only contains eighty-five houses, and the second ninety.

mere human objects are concerned, in a place of Christian worship, than that of Mr. Wilkinson in the pulpit. First of all, he is the father of the London ministers of the gospel, including those of all denominations as well as the clergy. I am not sure, indeed, whether he be not the father of the clergy throughout the United Kingdom. Of this I am pretty certain, that there is not one among the twenty thousand and upwards, of Church of England and Dissenting ministers in the country, who, with an equal accumulation of years on his head, preaches with the same regularity as the reverend gentleman does. Though now in his eighty-ninth year, he preaches twice every week; once on Sunday, and once every Tuesday morning. Under what circumstances or at what period a sermon first came to be preached in St. Mary's church at a time so unusual as the morning of Tuesday, I have not been able to ascertain. Mr. Wilkinson's appearance is as venerable as his years are numerous. His aspect not only inspires a feeling of profound respect in all who see him in

the pulpit, but it has something about it which one is, for the moment, apt to look upon as more than earthly. Though living in the world, he does not look like one who belongs to the world. His complexion is clear, and his face is wonderfully exempt from wrinkles in one who has reached so advanced a period of life. He is entirely bald, with the exception of a little soft white hair about either ear and at the back of his head. But it is the remarkable expression of his countenance, that chiefly imparts to him the almost heavenly appearance to which I refer. The solemn and the cheerful are strikingly blended in it. If age has stamped on his face that impression of gravity which it almost invariably makes on all who have exceeded the usual span of human existence, religion has no less visibly left on it those traces of serenity with which it inspires all who in reality feel its power and cherish its spirit. His very eye beams cheerfulness and composure of soul. No one could gaze on his countenance, and doubt for a moment that all is tranquil and happy within. I have sometimes

wondered whether an infidel could look on the reverend gentleman without being struck with the blessed effects of Christianity, as exemplified in old age. What would worlds be to a man of Mr. Wilkinson's years, and, I should add, infirmities also? What but Christianity could soothe, and solace, and support his spirit?

So great are the physical infirmities of this aged minister of Christ, that it requires an effort to ascend the stairs which lead to the pulpit; while, in descending, he is obliged always to put the same foot first! And yet, strange as it may seem, so little has his great age impaired his eye-sight, that he not only does not feel it necessary to use spectacles, but reads the small print in one of the common pocket-bibles, with the greatest ease. Equally slight is the effect which time has had on his mind. It appears as active and vigorous as ever. Instead of preaching sermons which he had delivered in his younger years, he is in the habit of preparing new ones. Whether he writes them in whole or in part before he preaches

them, I have not the means of knowing; but he has not even a note to assist his memory in the pulpit. My impression is, that in the preparation of his discourses, he does not put pen to paper. Writing, for one thing, must necessarily be a great labour to one so far advanced in the vale of life. But besides this, there is something about his manner of delivery which leads me to the conclusion that his sermons are not written. Be this as it may, he speaks with great ease—ease, I mean, as regards his matter; for the feebleness of his voice is such as to render him inaudible fourteen or fifteen yards from the pulpit. His utterance is very rapid; a circumstance for which I partly account from the fact of his heart being engaged in the work of the ministry. The affluence of his mental resources is most probably another cause of the rapidity of his delivery; for his thoughts seem struggling with each other for priority of birth. His discourses usually last three quarters of an hour; but I am convinced that there is as great a quantity of matter in them, as in those ser-

mons which in the case of a person who speaks at the ordinary rate, would occupy a full hour in the delivery.

The church in which Mr. Wilkinson preaches is very small. I am not sure whether it be not the smallest in London. It has no gallery, except at the end where the organ is; and its dimensions are so limited, that more than thirty or forty persons cannot be accommodated with seats in it, with any degree of comfort. The whole place has not sitting room for more than four hundred individuals. It is always full, except two or three pews at the back of the pulpit, where Mr. Wilkinson is not only inaudible, but where the sound of his voice would scarcely be heard. The necessity of being close to him in order to hear what he says, always causes the passages to be densely crowded. Immediately before and beside the pulpit, the crowd is so great, that one can hardly move an arm. In the seats, again, which are eight or ten yards distant from the preacher, the hearers, in their anxiety to catch his feebly-uttered words,—made more difficult to catch from an indistinct

enunciation, caused, I believe, by the loss of most of his teeth,—stand almost all the time in an attentive listening attitude, stretching their heads forward, and, in many instances, with their hands to their ears. Poets have often sung and others have often spoken, about persons hanging on the words which proceeded from the lips of some esteemed friend or accomplished orator. I question if ever an assemblage of persons evinced a greater anxiety to hear what fell from the lips of any uninspired man, than do many of those who attend the ministry of Mr. Wilkinson, to catch what proceeds from his mouth. I have sometimes fancied that the scene which is witnessed in his church on such occasions, must have resembled that which was exhibited when some of the patriarchs of whom we read in the Old Testament, called their children and children's children around them, to pour their parting blessing on their heads. It is a truly touching sight to witness the grave yet serene countenance of this aged minister of Christ when addressing his people, in conjunction with the eager atten-

tion and profound personal regard, with which they listen to his tender though feeble accents. They deem every word which proceeds from his lips to be precious: I had almost said sacred. I have reason to believe that for some time past he has delivered every sermon under the impression that it might be his last; and I am sure I may say with equal confidence of a majority of his audience, that they hear every discourse of his, under the same impression. He loves to dwell on the happy death of believers. He scarcely preaches a sermon in which he does not make some reference, which every one can at once perceive applies to himself, respecting the closing scenes of a believer's existence, and the exceeding and eternal weight of glory which follows. There is, indeed, a singular sweetness in his sermons generally. They are largely impregnated with a high-toned spirituality. He, evidently, declares to others what he himself has felt, and does daily and hourly feel, of the workings of grace within him. All his discourses are full of the Christian's privilege; the Christian's duties, which

he represents to be but another word for privileges; the Christian's consolations, aids, and prospects. No one could hear him for many minutes, without being impressed with the conviction that he is habitually living on the truths which he preaches to others. Out of the fulness of his heart his mouth speaketh. Nothing but the warmth and vigour of his piety; nothing but the firmest conviction of the truth and importance of the doctrines of the gospel, could induce a man of his age and physical frailties thus habitually to labour in the work of the ministry.

Mr. Wilkinson's views are strictly evangelical. After the remarks I have already made, I need not say that his preaching is highly practical. Neither can it be necessary I should mention, feeling as he does with a force of persuasion rarely experienced by others, that he has already one foot in the grave,—that there is nothing in the shape of ornament in his ministrations. The desire of display, if it ever did fire his breast, has long since ceased to exist. His style is plain and perspicuous. If it be not

polished, neither is there any thing in it to offend the most fastidious taste. That it should, indeed, be so accurate in the case of one on whose head so great an accumulation of years rests, and who, besides, speaks without the aid of notes, is truly surprising. In a sermon which he delivered about two years ago, he explained his views of the way in which the gospel ought to be preached; and those views he practically exemplifies in his own ministrations. His words on the occasion to which I allude were these: — "I do not know that those sermons are always the best on which the labour of a whole week has been bestowed, and which might be committed to the press just as they fall from the lips of the preacher. Those sermons are often the best *which come warm from the heart*, and are in strict accordance with the word of God; *plain* and *simple* addresses, such as any, however plain and simple, may *comprehend* and *feel*."

When Mr. Wilkinson wishes to lay particular stress on any truth or expression, he usually repeats his phraseology. For example—"It is

our joy, my brethren, that Christ has abolished death—that He has abolished death." In repeating the closing sentence of the Lord's Prayer, he lays the emphasis on the article "the." "For thine is *the* kingdon, *the* power, and *the* glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

His knowledge of the Scriptures is extensive and minute; and the accuracy and facility with which he quotes such passages as tend to illustrate his positions, prove that the tenaciousness of his memory, any more than the powers of his mind, has not been affected by the vast number of years which have passed over his head.

The venerable gentleman's manner in the pulpit will, I am sure, be in some measure anticipated. Any thing like gesticulation could not be expected in one of his years and bodily infirmities. He slightly reclines on the cushion of the pulpit when he begins his discourse, and in that position continues till he has brought it to a close. He sometimes raises his right hand six or seven inches from the cushion; but his elbow all the while rests on it.

He usually clasps the pocket Bible he uses in the pulpit, in both hands: he scarcely ever lays it down entirely. He fixes his eye on a part of the area of the church a few yards from the pulpit, and never, not even for a moment, withdraws it until he has finished his sermon. His head and body remain all the while as motionless as if he did not possess the power of moving either.

Mr. Wilkinson's authorship, so far as I am aware, is limited to the occasional publication of a detached discourse; and even on this small scale, nothing has issued from the press, under his own superintendence, for many years past. Sermons by the reverend gentleman, taken down in short-hand when in the course of delivery, have frequently appeared of late in those publications devoted to reports of pulpit discourses.

Mr. Wilkinson's congregation is exceedingly respectable. The pews are almost exclusively occupied by persons in affluent circumstances. Several aristocratic families from the West-end, are to be seen in his church every Tuesday morning.

The reverend gentleman has preached from the same pulpit for the long period of sixty-two years. I question if there be another such instance on record. What repeated changes in the aspect of the congregation, must he not have witnessed in the course of that long period! How affecting the thought that all those—the supposition is at least exceedingly probable—who heard the first sermon he preached there, are now in the eternal world! Of his personal appearance little remains to be said. His face has more than the usual breadth in it; while its profile exhibits the angular form. He is much about the average height, full made, with high round shoulders. As Mr. Wilkinson is only lecturer in St. Mary's, I should suppose his income from that source does not exceed three hundred pounds per annum; if indeed it be as much.

CHAPTER V.

THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY—MINISTERS OF CHAPELS.

The Rev. Sanderson Robins—The Rev. Dr. Dillon—The Rev. H. H. Beamish.

The Rev. Sanderson Robins, of Christ's Chapel, St. John's Wood, has acquired considerable distinction as a preacher within the last few years. When one of the ministers of Baker Street Chapel, which he quitted two or three years ago, he was greatly run after, especially by the female sex. Whenever he preached, the chapel was crowded in every part. His ministrations, in the new sphere of his labours, are still attended by a numerous and respectable audience, though, his present chapel being in a less densely-populated neighbourhood, his congregation is not so large as that which he was in the habit of addressing in Baker Street Chapel. Whether it be that I have heard the reverend gentleman

under disadvantageous circumstances, I cannot say; but I must confess that I am unable to discover any thing either in his matter or manner as a preacher, which would lead me to assign him the high rank in this respect, which is claimed for him by his more ardent admirers. But let me, on the other hand, guard against any one running away with the impression, that I think poorly of Mr. Robins' talents as a minister of the gospel. So far from this, I look upon him as above mediocrity, though not reaching that degree of excellence which some others,—and, in justice to the reverend gentleman, let me add, pious and intelligent persons, —ascribe to him. His views of divine truth are highly scriptural; and his expositions of those views are always clear, if not on all occasions forcible. I know of few ministers in the metropolis, whether in or out of the Establishment, whose preaching I would deem more calculated to instruct the mind in the truth as it is in Jesus. What has struck me as chiefly wanting in his pulpit ministrations, is that sort of preaching which is most likely to arouse the

conscience, alarm the guilty, and detect and expose the false refuges in which the hypocrite, or merely nominal Christian, is in the habit of entrenching himself. If one could carry his charity to such an undue and unjustifiable excess, as to assume that a promiscuous assemblage of persons, such as Mr. Robins is in the habit of addressing from Sabbath to Sabbath, were all Christians in deed as well as in name,—then I should say that they could hardly have a more suitable minister; but knowing as every one who has ever bestowed a thought on human nature as constituted since the fall, must know, that a very large proportion of every congregation are in nature's bondage and nature's blindness; knowing this, I hold it to be an essential part, I am not sure whether it be not the *most* essential part, of every Christian minister's duty, to address a very large portion of his sermons to sinners in their unconverted state. If my conviction be, that Mr. Robins does not besiege the consciences of those who are in an unregenerate state, with that closeness and perseverance and energy which I would deem desirable, it is due

to him to say, that he is not in this respect peculiar among his brethren in the evangelical ministry.

Mr. Robins is a pleasing preacher. There is something very soothing, perhaps I should rather say persuasive, both in his matter and manner. He loves to dwell on the privileges of believers, and on the happiness, even in this life, of walking in the ways of spiritual wisdom. And the winning tendency of his matter is greatly aided by his manner. Using no paper —having none indeed before him, unless a few detached notes may be dignified with the name —he leans on the cushion of the pulpit, clasps his hands, and fixing his eye on that part of the congregation in the area of the church immediately before him, he, as it were, beseeches them in accents of tenderness, to listen to the truths which he is proclaiming. His voice is clear and soft; it is never raised to a high pitch; but he always speaks in sufficiently loud tones to be distinctly audible in all parts of the chapel. His countenance wears an expression of mingled cheerfulness and placidity which

it is exceedingly pleasing to witness, and which is in admirable keeping with the mild and encouraging character of his preaching. His small, dark, lustrous eye, also indicates the benignity of the reverend gentleman's disposition. He usually speaks with some quickness, but is easily followed and is always understood. In the more impressive parts of his discourse, his delivery is so deliberate, that you would sometimes fancy he was hesitating for a word. Such is not the fact: he only pauses in order to impart an emphasis to what he is saying. His manner is exceedingly quiet. He scarcely ever puts himself into any other attitude than that I have alluded to; or if he do raise himself to a perpendicular position, it is only to resúme again in a few moments his favourite posture of reclining with his breast on the cushion of the pulpit. His arms are rarely pressed into his service: when they are so, it is but one at a time, and it is only raised a few inches from the pulpit when it is kept in an almost stationary posture for some few moments. There is an earnestness or aspect of deep sincerity about Mr.

Robins, which answers in a great measure as a substitute for physical energy or animation. No one who hears him speak for two or three minutes, could have the smallest doubt of his personal piety.

I am not aware that Mr. Robins has yet appeared before the public in the capacity of author; except indeed the publication of some of his sermons, at considerable intervals of time, could entitle him to the name of author. As, however, he is yet but a young man, not I should think exceeding his fortieth year, there is every probability that he may yet make himself known beyond the limits of the metropolis, through the medium of some published work. The quality of his matter and the character of his style, which is perspicuous but not vigorous, will be inferred from the following extract which forms the peroration of a sermon he delivered on "The Strait Gate and Narrow Way," at St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, one Sunday morning in May last:—

"It is no subject for pride, that we believe ourselves to be of the small number, and look around with self-congratulation that we are not

as other men; but the man of God has a large and a liberal heart. Having himself 'tasted that the Lord is gracious,' there is nothing which he desires so earnestly, or for which he prays so unweariedly, as that God would extend the knowledge of his truth—that he would make known to others, as he has made known to him, 'the unsearchable riches of Christ;' and so far from rejoicing that he himself possesses a treasure not communicated to his neighbours, he will strive continually, by every lawful means, to make them acquainted with this treasure, to bring them also to seek it, to obtain it, to preserve it; and he will hold it for the greatest blessing that God confers upon him, that he is permitted in any sort to help forward the extending of Christ's kingdom—the advancing of that border line, which divides light from darkness, the dominion of Jesus from the empire of Satan. And his heart will be consoled by the promises scattered up and down in his Bible. For although the flock of Jesus is a small one, and though there are few that pass through the 'strait gate' and walk in

the 'narrow way,' yet there are promises for the latter-day glory, unto which, in seasons of despondence, his heart will turn for encouragement and consolation—promises made unto Jesus, that he shall have 'the heathen for his possession'—promises made unto the church, that God's word 'shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleaseth, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto he hath sent it'—promises to the missionary, that 'the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' And the believer, when his heart is the saddest, and when his hopes are the lowest because of abounding iniquity, when he returns to his home, having marked how the streets are filled with ungodly men, who blaspheme God, and pollute the sanctity even of his holy day, though he might be utterly in despair, and his hopes be all beaten down unto the dust, looks again into that blessed volume, out of which come the treasures of all consolation and encouragement, and he remembers how Jesus Christ visited his

exiled servant, and unfolded to him mighty promises of the latter fortunes of the church; he remembers how it was told unto John in the mystic visions of the isle of Patmos, that there should be gathered about the throne of Jesus, such a throng as would be beyond all power of arithmetic to number, and how the Lord communicated that glorious assurance concerning the final triumph of the cause of his Master, which made him write those blessed words—'I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!' 'Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'"

Mr. Robins is slightly above the general height, and rather slenderly made. His hair is black and somewhat abundant. He is evidently at some pains with it, for it is always combed to the left side, and exhibits other traces of studied arrangement. His whiskers are small, and are of a dark-brown colour. His complexion is sallow. The form of his face is

angular. The expression of his countenance is that of intelligence; some persons would consider his face handsome. He seems to enjoy good health; but I should not suppose his constitution to be particularly robust.

The Rev. Dr. Dillon, of Charlotte Street Chapel, Pimlico, and evening lecturer at Clerkenwell Church, is one of the most popular among the Church of England divines, in the metropolis. His father was a minister of the Establishment in Ireland; of which country Dr. Dillon is a native. His father having died when he was quite a boy, his mother came over to England, and settled at the east end of London. She was for many years an attendant on the ministry of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, of Finsbury Chapel, then preaching at Mile End Road. Mr. Dillon regularly accompanied his mother to the same place of worship, until he left London for the University of Oxford. When he first came out as a clergyman,*

* He only received the degree of D. D. two or three years ago.

Mr. Dillon was by no means an acceptable preacher. His manner was not attractive, and his matter was still less so. Either his doctrinal notions were then low—though now he is one of the most ultra-Calvinists in London—or he did not assign a due prominency to them. At all events, he was hardly considered evangelical for some few years after he appeared in the pulpit. His first stated ministrations were in St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, at that time under the pastoral care of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, now Bishop of Calcutta. Mr. Dillon was for some time Mr. Wilson's curate in that chapel. The reverend gentleman, shortly after he began to dwell habitually and with earnestness on the doctrines of free grace, rose to a very high reputation as a preacher of the gospel. His appointment to Charlotte Street Chapel followed, and subsequently he was chosen evening lecturer in Clerkenwell Church. In these two places he has statedly laboured for a number of years, with great acceptance, and, I believe I may add, with great success. In Charlotte Chapel, he preaches in the morning and afternoon of

every Sunday; and in the evening of that day he discharges the ministerial functions in Clerkenwell Church. The former place of worship is filled in every part: and though large enough to accommodate fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred persons, I have no doubt it would be filled were it enlarged to such an extent as to contain a third more. Clerkenwell Church is crowded in every part when Dr. Dillon preaches. I would compute the average attendance to be at least eighteen hundred. If there were sufficient accommodation, I doubt not it would be fully two thousand five hundred.

Dr. Dillon thus preaches three times every Sunday. In this respect he stands alone, so far as I am aware, among the Church of England clergy in London. For several months, during the summer of 1836, the reverend gentleman regularly preached four times every Sunday, having on that occasion accepted the office of early morning lecturer in a church in the city, situated, I think, in Cannon Row. These lectures were delivered at six in the morning.

A course of lectures, lasting for three months is, I believe, given every summer, in accordance with some arrangements made by the parties by whom the church was founded. Though Dr. Dillon had thus preached three times before in the course of the day, and gone through, in his own chapel at Pimlico without the assistance of a reader, all the services of the church, morning and afternoon, I have heard him deliver the evening sermon in Clerkenwell Church with as much energy as if he had not opened his mouth, or performed duty of any kind, during the day. His constitution must be as vigorous as his energy of character is great.

I have just remarked that Dr. Dillon has no clerk in his own chapel. He reads the whole of the service himself, without any other assistance than that afforded him by twelve or fourteen Sunday-school girls, who are ranged immediately before the pulpit; and the utmost extent of assistance they give him, is to pronounce the "Amen" in those cases in which that word requires to be pronounced in the services of the day. And as if to show that he

does not feel the multifarious duties he has to perform on the Sunday, to be laborious or irksome, he reads over the whole of the psalms or hymns which the congregation are to sing, before the singing commences. And here let me observe, that a more graceful or effective reader of sacred poetry, I have scarcely ever met with. His fine, clear, powerful voice, here appears to great advantage, while his elocution is in excellent taste. His practice of reading over the whole of the psalms or hymns to be sung, before the congregation engage in the exercise of praising God, must, I think, have originated in the reverend gentleman's having in early life seen Mr. Fletcher follow it; for it is the universal practice of the Scotch church; while I do not remember to have seen it adopted by any minister, but Dr. Dillon himself, of the Church of England.

The very beautiful and impressive reading of Dr. Dillon during the preliminary services, inspires the stranger with a strong impatience, apart from the reverend gentleman's reputation as a preacher, to see how he will acquit himself

as a speaker, when delivering his sermon. In the latter case he is also a good speaker; but certainly he does not appear to the same advantage after he has ascended the pulpit as when in the desk. He begins with a slow and measured utterance, while you are at once struck with the absence of that cadence in his voice which is so pleasing to the ear when reading the service. As he proceeds, he sometimes speaks in a tone so subdued as to deprive his matter, in a great measure, of the effect which it is otherwise so well calculated to produce. At other times he raises his voice so high as to give it a degree of sharpness; but the animation of his manner in such cases, coupled with the impressiveness of the truths he is inculcating, not only reconciles his hearers to any defect in his elocution, but renders them in a great measure insensible of it. His utterance is not equal: in some parts of his sermon it is rather deliberate; in others it is too hurried. He rarely mistakes the word or hesitates or stammers in any way; but then, it is right to remark, that he trusts exceedingly little

either to his memory or to his powers of improvisation. He confines himself pretty closely to his paper. His sermons are always short. The average time they occupy in the delivery is half an hour; and they very seldom, indeed, exceed or fall short of that period more than two or three minutes. His exordiums are so brief as to be scarcely worthy of the name. They are commonly comprised in eight or ten short sentences. His perorations usual occupy four or five minutes, and are for the most part exceedingly searching and solemn. In the course of his sermons he repeatedly says striking things, which are likely to be remembered; while his applications towards the conclusion, generally consist entirely of matter which forcibly appeals to the conscience, and which is calculated to make a deep and permanent impression on the heart. There is always substance in what Dr. Dillon says. He never, or at least very rarely, commits against his audience the sin of palming upon them a high-sounding sentence without meaning in it. While many preachers, and popular preachers too, deal more in words

than in ideas, he deals principally in ideas; using no more words in their expression than is really necessary for giving such expression effect. He studiously abstains from refined or elaborate trains of argument. His sermons are largely impregnated with doctrinal matter. He never overloads his illustrations. His forte consists in no small measure in establishing or making his positions plain in a very few sentences. He never seems to lose sight of the great truth, that the grand object of the christian ministry ought to be, to give a practical direction to everything advanced.

To impress more distinctly on the minds of his hearers the heads and particulars of his sermon, he recapitulates those heads and particulars towards the close of the discourse, immediately before improving the subject. This is quite a common practice among the Scotch preachers; but I do not know any Church of England clergyman, except Dr. Dillon, who adopts it.

I have not, on the occasions on which I have heard Dr. Dillon, been struck with any ine-

quality worthy of the name in his matter; but I am sure every one in the habit of hearing him will concur with me when I say, that he is far from being uniform in the delivery of his discourses. In every instance he will be found to deliver a greater or less number of passages in his sermon with animation and energy; but in some cases an impassioned delivery will be found to be the exception, while in others it will be found to be the rule. Comparing the sermons he preaches in Clerkenwell church with those he preaches in Charlotte-street chapel, I would, taking them as a whole, give the preference in so far as the delivery is concerned, to the former. It may be that the densely-crowded state of the church may stimulate to increased exertion in the case of his evening sermons; or it may be that the same amount of energy tells with greater effect on the mind of the hearer, owing to the evening being a more favourable period of the day for religious worship, than the morning. Some of the discourses which I have heard him preach in Clerkenwell church, were remarkable for

their solemnity of tone and feeling. He excels in the pathetic. I have known him to be listened to with a breathless attention, by full two thousand persons, from the commencement to the close of his discourse, when in his more pathetic moods.

The reverend gentleman is, if I mistake not, a great admirer of the theological works of the English Nonconformists and Scotch Covenanters of the seventeenth century. At any rate, he uses in many instances the same mode of address as they were in the habit of doing, but which is very rarely employed in our day, namely, that of "Sirs" when specially apostrophising his people.

Dr. Dillon is very sparing of his gesture. He stands almost stock-still during the greater part of the time he is in the pulpit. His usual action consists of a very moderate occasional motion, up and down, of his right arm. In his more impassioned moments, he extends both arms. On such occasions he causes his powerful voice to resound through the house, and to reverberate again from its walls.

The reverend gentleman preaches, I believe, a greater number of funeral sermons than any other clergyman in the Establishment in London. It is a rule with him, if I am not misinformed, to improve, by means of a sermon specially referring to the event, the death of every person of any prominency in the congregation. This I know, that a short time ago, three of the female teachers in the Sunday school connected with Charlotte-street chapel, died in the course of eighteen months, and that he preached a funeral sermon on each of the occasions.

From his sermon on the death of George the Fourth, I make the following extract, illustrative of his manner of preaching, only premising that I select a passage from that particular sermon, not because I think it better than others of his published funeral sermons, but because it is the only one on which I can lay my hand at the moment:—

"To you, O men, I speak, and my voice is to the sons of men. And I ask you whether the death of your Sovereign does not tell you, in

language of which the force cannot be explained away, that verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity? Whether it does not teach you more of the littleness of the world and the vanity of titles, than all the volumes in your library? 'O, put not your trust in princes, nor in any son of man, in whom there is no help.' 'His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.' If then there is no exemption from the ravages of the unsparing spoiler, if it is appointed unto all men once to die, are you, brethren, prepared for death? You can surely, none of you, permit yourselves to doubt for an instant that you must die. God has been too good to his creatures to leave any of them without witness as to the certainty of death. The whole path of every man's existence, and the whole circle of every man's acquaintance, is strewed with the memorials of man's mortality. And have none of you ever had particular and affecting proof of this? Have the agonies of a death-bed never been presented to the eye of your experience; and

thus brought down irresistibly on your minds the conviction of your own mortality? And is it not the end of every private and public bereavement to strengthen this conviction? I charge you then not to flinch from the view of that which will, ere long, certainly befall you. Living as you are, in the land of dying men, do not think 'all men mortal but yourselves.'

"Have not the many sick chambers which you have visited, with all their noiseless accompaniments, their mute attendance, and their watchful assiduities; and the many sick-beds over which you have hung; and the deaths you have witnessed, and the tears you have shed over them,—have not all these, I ask, been long ago enough to loosen you from earth, and to break that accursed spell which binds you to its lying vanities? O! how comes it then to pass that though thousands have died before you, and are dying around you, you are to this hour unmoved out of your dark and obstinate carnality? And though you profess to believe the Bible to be the word of God,

you can treat it as a tasteless and insipid book; you desire it not as the aliment of your souls; and can suffer it to be unread for days together, and miss no necessary food, and feel no hunger, and experience no thirst, for spiritual sustenance; thus giving undoubted evidence that you have no spiritual life. O, let me call upon you to shake from yourselves this awful unconcern, and to awake from these destructive slumbers. Arise, this day, and call upon that God whom you have so long despised; think of your guilt before Him, and of your utter inability to help or redeem yourselves. But look at the same time to Him who is able to help, and who died to redeem."

Dr. Dillon published a volume of sermons, of a purely practical and doctrinal nature, in 1831. The sermons were twenty in number. At the request of his congregation in Charlotte Chapel, he also brought out in 1835, a small volume consisting of Lectures on some of the "Articles of Faith of the Church of England." These lectures were seven in number, and were delivered on Wednesdays during Lent, in the

year just mentioned. Both volumes met with a very fair sale. The reverend doctor has published various detached discourses, chiefly funeral sermons, some of which have reached a third or fourth edition. Beyond these, I am not aware of any other occasions on which he has appeared in the capacity of author.

It is a fact which may strike some persons as not a little curious, that though, as before mentioned, his doctrinal views are those of the highest grade of Calvinism short of Antinomianism, the Rev. Mr. Gathercole, a name well known to the religious world, regularly officiated, before imprisoned* in the Queen's Bench for a libel on certain Roman Catholic Priests, as Dr. Dillon's clerk in Clerkenwell Church. When I was first informed of the fact, I thought, knowing that Mr. Gathercole's notions on matters of doctrine are as low as Dr. Dillon's are high, that there must be some mistake or misapprehension in the matter; but I find the fact to be as stated to me. The

* Mr. Gathercole is in prison at the time I write.

doctor's name also figured a few weeks ago at the head of a subscription for Mr. Gathercole.

Dr. Dillon is distant in his manner, and inaccessible by his hearers. Some ascribe this to reserve, others to a certain degree of haughtiness. It is said, though I know not with what truth, that he is impatient of opposition or contradiction, in the conduct of the religious and benevolent institutions which are connected with his chapel; and that a desire to have everything his own way, induces him in most cases to give a preference to committees of ladies, they being more pliable and in every respect more easily managed, than persons of a different gender. It is deeply to be regretted that a man of Dr. Dillon's zeal, and with his means of usefulness, should not be more accessible by his people and more kindly in his deportment. In that case, he might reasonably expect to be made the instrument in the hands of the Divine Being, of effecting a far greater amount of spiritual good than can be looked for from the labours of one whose manner is harsh or haughty.

Having adverted at some length in my introductory chapter, to this point, I will not dwell upon it anew; but I may be permitted to refer to a case which I have reason to believe is not unknown to Dr. Dillon himself, illustrative of the unhappy effects which are produced on the minds of hearers, by anything harsh or unamiable on the part of ministers. For some years, a gentleman had been a regular attendant on the ministry of a popular preacher, and not only heard him with delight—it is to be hoped with advantage also — but felt the greatest attachment to him personally. Circumstances occurred to render it impossible for the gentleman in question to be in the chapel at the commencement of the service, for several Sabbaths in succession. The minister being popular, and there being no doubt of the seat letting as soon as it was known to be vacant, the reverend gentleman one morning wrote to the party referred to in the following terms:—

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that you have forfeited your right to your seat in consequence of coming to the chapel at so late an hour.

Your seat has been let to another party. Your obedient Servant, ————."

The gentleman called on the minister next morning, for the purpose of explaining—and the explanation must have proved perfectly satisfactory to any candid mind—the circumstances which had led to his being late in his attendance at chapel for several Sabbaths; but imagine his surprise, regret, and mortification, at the minister refusing to see him. From that ment the party in question felt that he could not profit by the ministrations of the reverend gentleman, even were he to preach like an angel from heaven. A similar effect, I may add, was produced on the minds of others who were made acquainted with the circumstance.

Dr. Dillon's friends attribute whatever of harshness there may be in his manner, to the trials he has had to endure. Though not married, he has had much to try him in the case of relatives. But I will not draw aside the veil. He lives in a great measure out of the world. His residence is a very humble one, abutting, or rather forming a part of his chapel in Charlotte-street.

His whole soul is said by those who know him, to be absorbed in the performance of his clerical duties. The schools connected with his chapel have always been the object of his deepest solicitude; and perhaps they are the best regulated schools connected with any church or chapel in the metropolis. The scholars are examined before the whole congregation, either quarterly or half-yearly, I am not sure which, and in the great majority of cases, almost indeed in every case, display an acquaintance with divine truth which ought to put many Christians of a larger physical growth, to the blush. Dr. Dillon lives very plainly and abstemiously, and contributes, I am assured by those who ought to be acquainted with the fact, though the majority of his congregation may not be aware of it, a very large portion of his annual income to the funds for the support of those schools.

Dr. Dillon's hearers are exceedingly partial to his preaching. They are unwilling to admit that any other minister in the metropolis is equal to him. Some of them follow him about

wherever he preaches, if in town. I know one family who live in the neighbourhood of the City-road, who regularly, in all weathers, walk to Pimlico to hear him in the morning and afternoon in Charlotte-street chapel, and then follow him to Clerkenwell in the evening;—thus cheerfully submitting to be absent from their home the whole of the Sabbath-day, and making a sandwich or two answer the purposes of dinner and tea.

The reverend Doctor's personal appearance is imposing. He is slightly above the middle height, and well formed. He has a lofty well-developed forehead, highly indicative of intellectual attainments. His features are handsome, and would appear still more so but for a certain sternness which there is about the general expression of his countenance. His face is of the oval form. Notwithstanding his arduous and multifarious labours, his complexion is tinged with a rosy hue; while his general appearance is that of one who enjoys excellent health. His hair slightly inclines to a darkish colour, and stands erect on his brow and at either side of

his head. His age, judging from his appearance, must be about forty-three or forty-four.

I ought not to close my sketch of Dr. Dillon without mentioning that his chapel in Pimlico was built by subscription for the excellent but unfortunate Dr. Dodd. The funds were raised and the chapel erected under the special patronage of the then Queen-consort, after whose name it was called. Who could enter Charlotte-chapel without feeling his mind revert with painful regret to the melancholy fate of poor Dr. Dodd?

The Rev. H. H. BEAMISH, of Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, Hanover Square, occupies a highly respectable station among the evangelical clergy of the metropolis. His own congregation are very partial to him: they think that he is not to be surpassed by any contemporary minister. Upon a first or second hearing, he is not, in the majority of cases, thought so highly of as he is afterwards. This may be accounted for in a great measure from the rapidity of his delivery. He speaks at a railway speed. I am

convinced that sermons which take him only three quarters of an hour to deliver, contain as much matter as those which in the case of a preacher who speaks at the ordinary rate of utterance, would occupy a full hour. I ascribe to the reverend gentleman's rapid delivery, the circumstance of strangers sometimes coming away with a very imperfect recollection of what they have heard. His own people, being accustomed to his rapidity of utterance, are not so sensible of it as the casual hearer, and consequently often perceive excellencies in his matter which others do not.

Mr. Beamish is a wordy as well as a hurried speaker. He has the most perfect command of a fluent phraseology of any preacher I know. The wordiness of his diction, in conjunction with the rapidity of his delivery, often prevent persons from perceiving good ideas when his sermons contain them. He does not give his hearers time to think. He has no sooner awakened one train of thought in them, than he disturbs, if not interrupts it, by the sudden-

ness of his transition to some other position or idea.

Mr. Beamish's doctrinal creed is moderately Calvinistic; and his preaching has uniformly a practical tendency. He is at all times clear, notwithstanding the wordiness of his composition. Let me add, that he is also always sound. He loves to dwell on the distinctive doctrines of the gospel. He aims to enlighten the mind and to reach the heart at the same time. Assuming the sermons I have heard him deliver to be fair specimens of his pulpit ministrations, I should think his usual preaching more adapted to edify the Christian, and to strengthen him in the faith, than to awaken the spiritual slumberer from the sleep of death. Not that I mean that Mr. Beamish does not address himself to sinners in their unconverted state, or that his ministry has not been blessed in turning men from darkness to light and from the power and service of sin to the service of the living God; but that as most, if not all men, are more successful in one thing than another; so Mr. Beamish's preaching is more

likely, as far as my apprehension goes, to be followed by the former than the latter result.

His manner is earnest and lively without being, strictly speaking, impassioned. His heart is manifestly in the work of the ministry, and his congregation are always forward to bear testimony to the zeal and cordiality with which he discharges the various duties of his office.

Mr. Beamish is a man of cultivated mind. All his pulpit exhibitions afford proofs of this. His arrangement of his subject is usually lucid, and he applies himself closely to the positions he advances. The connection between the various parts of his sermon is so intimate, that to take away one part would be to impair the effect of the whole. His style, though wordy, has nothing gaudy or meretricious about it. He studiously avoids fine writing. He scrupulously abstains from the use of tropes or figures.

In the manner of Mr. Beamish there is considerable sameness. Before he has uttered many sentences of the exordium of his discourse, you are sure to see his left hand, with

his fingers as far apart as he can conveniently put them, resting on his breast. It is not, however, suffered to remain long in that position. In less than half a minute it is withdrawn, most probably for the purpose of taking up his pocket-handkerchief. Shortly afterwards the reverend gentleman crosses his arms while adjusting the right sleeve of his too ample gown; but it is only for a moment. By and by he places his right hand on his breast, as he had before done his left, and having allowed it to continue in that posture for some seconds, he withdraws it for the purpose of resting it on the right side of the pulpit. While his right hand thus reclines quietly in this locality, the tips of the fingers of his left hand are employed in beating at short intervals on the left side of the pulpit. The motions I have thus described are repeated without any variation worthy of the name, to the end of the reverend gentleman's discourse. He often looks up to a sky-light which is above the pulpit; sometimes to the gallery in front; but never to the area of the chapel. His voice

is not powerful, but it is clear; and though it has a peculiar quality about it which I cannot well describe, it is far from being unpleasant. His stated hearers, indeed, whose ears are accustomed to it, think it has an agreeableness approaching to cadence in some of its tones. It wants flexibility; or if it naturally possesses that quality, the reverend gentleman does not furnish any proof of the fact.

I know few preachers who are more successful than Mr. Beamish in keeping up the attention of an audience. All eyes are fixed on him the moment he announces his text, and seldom are they withdrawn—in many cases not at all—until he has concluded his discourse. Though in preaching he dispenses with a paper, his sermons have all the appearance of being carefully written. So well are they committed to memory, that he never has occasion to hesitate for a moment, and if he mistakes the word two or three times in the course of a sermon, he corrects himself so instantaneously, and, I should say, so cleverly, that the mistake can hardly be said to be perceptible.

Mr. Beamish's chapel is very small. I should not deem it capable of containing more than five hundred persons with any degree of comfort. It is always full; for the most part, inconveniently so. Were it twice the size it is, I believe it would be filled; for, as I before stated, though the casual hearer does not see any striking superiority in his preaching, there are many of those who have had frequent opportunities of sitting under his ministrations who concur with his own congregation in regarding his sermons as far above the average excellence. It certainly does speak much in favour of the reverend gentleman's pulpit performances, that his congregation, taken as a whole, are amongst the most intelligent Episcopal congregations in the metropolis, and that the most intelligent of their number are, in the majority of cases, his greatest admirers. His congregation is in some small degree aristocratic. Among his members and stated hearers are the names of several of the highest individuals in the land.

In the services of Mr. Beamish's chapel, there

is one thing which I have never observed in any other Episcopal place of worship in London, although it is to be witnessed in a few churches belonging to the Establishment, in the country. I allude to the reverend gentleman's prefacing his sermon by an extemporaneous prayer of considerable length. I think I have heard Mr. Beamish pray for at least five minutes on such occasions; while every one knows that the form of prayer prescribed by the church at this particular part of the service, does not, with a speaker of the average rapidity, occupy much more than half a minute.

Mr. Beamish has been made the instrument of much good. I will only refer to one of the more prominent cases which have been communicated to me. Within the last eighteen months, the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort,*

* This pious and excellent lady has been the means of much spiritual good among the higher ranks of society. I happen to know that she carries on an extensive correspondence with persons in her own station of life, on the subject of evangelical and experimental religion. Among her Grace's correspondents on purely religious topics, is the Queen Dowager Adelaide. I can state with certainty, that since the Queen Dow-

who is a great admirer of the reverend gentleman, prevailed on a distinguished Duke who had never before attended on an evangelical ministry, to go and hear Mr. Beamish. His Grace was so pleased with the reverend gentleman's preaching, that he went a second time on the following Sabbath. The impression produced on his mind by Mr. Beamish's first sermon was deepened by the second; and the result was, that the Duke felt more and more anxious to hear him again. He accordingly attended for several consecutive Sundays, until such were the effects produced by the truths which he had heard, that he felt, as the first step to a religious life, the indispensable necessity of having family worship, morning and evening, in his house. The intention of his Grace in this respect had no sooner transpired in ——— House, than the whole of the inmates were surprised beyond measure, and

ager left this country, twelve months ago, for Naples, for the benefit of her health, she has written her Grace a series of letters which indicate a remarkable spirituality of feeling, a most intimate acquaintance with the scriptures, and the clearest views of evangelical truth.

remarks, were made by some of the pampered menials, respecting what they termed the religious craze of his Grace, which I will not here repeat. Two of the male servants carried matters with so high a hand, as to make what they called a determined stand against the innovation. His Grace, who is an exceedingly good-tempered man, on meeting with this unlooked-for opposition to the introduction of family worship into his house, wrote to Mr. Beamish, soliciting his advice as to the particular course which he ought to pursue in reference to the two refractory varlets. The reverend gentleman returned the Duke the very proper answer, that as he was master in his own house, he had a right to insist on the presence of the parties in question at family worship. His Grace acted on the opinion given by Mr. Beamish, and the malcontents were fain to acquiesce, in appearance at least, in the new arrangement. From that time to this, the nobleman referred to has regularly read prayers, or caused them to be read in his presence and before all his domestics, in his house, morning and evening. He has also, I

believe, been since then exemplary in his attendance on an evangelical ministry. Nor is this all; the change in his outward conduct has been correspondingly great. It was soon, indeed, made so manifest to all the aristocratic and fashionable circles, in which he was not only accustomed to move but of which he was one of the most distinguished leaders, that a sort of panic, if I may so express myself, at once spread among them, and the universal exclamation, when any two of them met together was,—"Oh, have you heard that the Duke of ——— has turned methodist?" The sensation produced by the circumstance at Almack's, exceeded anything ever before known among the members of that body. He was one of their leading patrons; and the ladies' patronesses and others who identify themselves in a special manner with the fortunes of that fashionable and exclusive institution, fancied they saw in his renouncing "the pomps and vanities of the world" its immediate dissolution; and they were horrified at the thought. The virtual secession of his Grace from all connection with

Almack's has given it a blow under the effects of which it is now staggering, and from which it is doubtful if it ever will recover. Both morals and society would be great gainers by its utter extinction—a consummation which, I learn from various sources, is likely to be realized at no distant day. The change that has been effected in the way I have described, in the religious views of the nobleman alluded to, accounts for the circumstance which was last season so generally remarked by persons not moving in the higher circles of society, and which was so unintelligible to them,—the circumstance, namely, of his only giving one ball during all that season, though formerly in the practice of giving every season a series of the most splendid balls ever given in the aristocratic world. Should the change prove deep and permanent in his Grace's views, as there is reason to hope it will, who can tell what influence it may have on society, both among the nobles and mighty of the land and among all the intervening orders of the community, down to the humblest; and what extensive and blessed

results may thus indirectly flow from the effect of Mr. Beamish's preaching on the mind of one individual?

I know of nothing which has appeared from the pen of Mr. Beamish, with the exception of two sermons "On the Human Nature of our Lord Jesus Christ." They were preached and published in 1833, with the view of guarding the minds of his hearers against what he conceived to be the unscriptural views of Mr. Irving and his disciples, respecting the peccability of Christ's humanity. They are clear and forcible discourses, and may in some cases have proved a preservative against the notions controverted; but they do not go sufficiently into the subject, nor do they meet with the requisite fulness the arguments of those who hold the opposite opinions,—to make much impression on their minds. Here I may be permitted to remark, — and I do so without expressing an opinion on the question either way, — that Mr. Beamish unconsciously misrepresents the notions which Mr. Irving and his followers held respecting the human nature of Christ. Mr.

Beamish assumes that Mr. Irving was in the habit of making use of the expression, "the sinfulness of Christ's humanity." I have conversed in private with Mr. Irving on this very point, as well as heard him preach in public on it; and can most positively affirm that not only was the idea which the words convey, foreign to Mr. Irving's heart, but he never, on any occasion, made use of such antiscriptural language. I speak advisedly, when I say, that never did there live a man who more thoroughly believed in the entire sinlessness of Christ's humanity, or attached more importance to the fact of his being without sin. What Mr. Irving asserted was, that though the humanity of Christ was, from his first breathings in the manger to the moment at which he heaved his expiring groan on the cross, entirely untainted by sin, yet that his human nature felt the same tendencies to sin that our nature feels, though those tendencies were counteracted by the abundant indwelling of the Holy Spirit. He maintained that but for this, it could never have been a merit on the part of Christ, that he

triumphantly resisted the numerous and powerful temptations with which he was constantly assailed, that he could not otherwise have been said in strict propriety of speech to have taken upon him the nature of man; and that he could not, on the generally received hypothesis, have been represented as a High Priest who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and who sympathises with us in all our spiritual sufferings, having himself been tempted in all points like as we are.

Of the personal appearance of Mr. Beamish, I have as yet said nothing. Having only seen him in the pulpit, I cannot speak positively on the point, but I should take him to be above the usual height, and to be well and compactly formed. His face is full, with a marked oval shape. His complexion is fresh and indicative of health. His features are regular, and convey by their general expression, the idea of shrewdness and intelligence. His eyes are small rather than otherwise, and their colour is a sort of light blue. His brow is amply developed, and is surmounted by a quantity of dark-brown

hair, which is always so arranged, in the perpendicular way, as to impart additional comeliness to a face which is naturally handsome. I would guess the reverend gentleman's age at between forty and forty-three.

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